MILTON'S PARADISE LOST
BOOKS I AND II

FARLEY

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Under the editorial supervision of LINDSAY TODD DAMON, A. B., Instructor in English in the University of Chicago.

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MILTON'S

PARADISE LOST

BOOKS I AND II

EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

BY

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INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH, SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

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PREFACE

This book aims to furnish the student merely such information as seems absolutely necessary to a comprehension of the text of Milton's poem. It is not intended to take the place of a teacher, but merely to prepare the way for him; for that reason nothing like æsthetic criticism or elaborate elucidation has been attempted. Neither is it meant to be a hand-book for teachers. Every teacher of Milton should own David Masson's larger three-volume edition of *Milton's Poetical Works* (New York, The Macmillan Co.), and the first volume, at least, of A. Wilson Verity's edition of *Paradise Lost* (Cambridge University Press, England). Other useful helps to the study of Milton are Masson's *Life of John Milton, narrated in connexion with the political, ecclesiastical, and literary history of his time*, six volumes (Macmillan); Pattison's *Life of Milton* (in the *English Men of Letters* series); Garnett's *Life of Milton* (in the *Great Writers* series,—particularly valuable for its Bibliography); [*Selected*] *English Prose*

Writings of John Milton, edited by Henry Morley (in the *Carisbrooke Library*); *Milton's Prosody*, by Robert Bridges (Clarendon Press); *The Astronomy of Milton's Paradise Lost*, by Thomas N. Orchard, M. D. (Longmans); Bradshaw's *Concordance to the Poetical Works of John Milton* (Macmillan); Lowell's Essay on Milton (*Works*, Riverside edition, Vol. IV); Macaulay's Essay on Milton.

The editor has but one or two suggestions to make to teachers. It is intended that the Introduction shall be read through—not necessarily learned—before the text is touched. The Glossary and the Notes have purposely been made as compact as possible, in order that the student may master them so far as they pertain to each successive lesson; for, although the one aim of a course of study in *Paradise Lost* should be, it would seem, to teach the student to enjoy the poem, no poem can be adequately appreciated the text of which is in any degree unintelligible—and students are apt to deceive themselves with regard to the accuracy of their own interpretation of an English classic. On the other hand, it is hoped that too much of the time available in the class-room may not be spent in reciting the editor's explanations,

for no poem should be associated in a student's mind merely with definitions and troublesome grammatical constructions. A skillful teacher will avoid both pedantry and undue laxity.

The section on Milton's Verse has been added to the Introduction, with the hope that it may help the student in reading the poem aloud. It would be well if considerable portions of the verse might be read in class, with a view to bringing out its musical qualities.

In the preparation of this book, free use has been made of Masson and Verity, and some help has been obtained from other editions, particularly those of Cook and Macmillan. The text is mainly that of Masson, with some alterations in punctuation.

The editor wishes to acknowledge his obligation to Mr. Lindsay Todd Damon, of the University of Chicago, for his editorial indulgence, and for numerous valuable suggestions; and to Dr. F. N. Robinson of Harvard University, for his kindness in revising the proof sheets of the Introduction, Notes and Glossary.

F. E. F.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY, October, 1898.

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION

John Milton 13

Milton's Works in the Order of Publication 22

The Genesis of Paradise Lost . . . 25

The Subject-Matter of Paradise Lost . 37

Milton's English 57

Milton's Verse 65

MILTON'S PREFACE ON "THE VERSE" . . . 73

TEXT AND NOTES 77

GLOSSARY 151

INTRODUCTION

I. JOHN MILTON

John Milton was born on the 9th of December, 1608, in London. His father, a scrivener (a kind of notary, or framer of legal documents) by profession, and a man of musical and literary tastes, took great pains that the boy's natural love for books and study should be stimulated, both by careful home training, and later by a course at St. Paul's School. John Aubrey, on the strength of information furnished by Milton's brother Christopher, gives us a curious account of the studious lad: "When he went to schoole, when he was very young, he studied very hard and sate-up very late, commonly till 12 or one a clock at night, and his father ordered the mayde to sitt-up for him, and in those yeares (10) composed many copies of verses which might well become a riper age."[1] Of these copies of verses, only paraphrases of two Psalms, and a poem *On the Death of a Fair Infant Dying of a Cough*, interesting chiefly as literary curiosities, have been preserved.

[1] *'Brief Lives' chiefly of Contemporaries, set down by John Aubrey, between the years 1669 and 1696. Edited from the author's Mss. by Andrew Clark.* Oxford, 1898, II, 63.

In due time Milton left his Puritan home to matriculate at Christ's College, Cambridge, where Aubrey says he "was a very good student . . . and performed all his exercises . . . with very good applause." In spite of some disagreement with the authorities (Aubrey says that on one occasion Milton's tutor "whipt him"), when the poet retired in 1632 to his father's house in Horton, Buckinghamshire, he could look back with satisfaction on his career at Cambridge: "There for seven years," he writes, "I studied the learning and arts wont to be taught, far from all vice and approved by all good men, even till, having taken what they call the Master's degree, and that with praise, I . . . of my own accord went home, leaving even a sense of my loss among most of the Fellows of the College, by whom I had in no ordinary degree been regarded."[1]

Milton carried with him into his retirement some burdens of his own. He had made up his mind before the end of his university course that he could not conscientiously take orders, as his father had intended, and no profession appealed to him as an alternative, though he knew vaguely that his pursuits must be intellectual. He had already acquired some reputation by his pen: the *Vacation Exercise*, the ode *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, the lines *Upon the Circumcision*, *On Shakspere*, and on *The Passion*, the epitaphs on

[1] *Defensio Secunda.* (Masson's translation.)

the *University Carrier* and the *Marchioness of Winchester*, and possibly some other pieces usually printed among Milton's minor poems, all belong to his college days. Of special interest among these minor pieces, is a sonnet written on Milton's twenty-third birthday, in which he laments that he has accomplished so little in life. Now that he had withdrawn from the university, his conscience would not allow him to lead a life of idleness, or even of isolation from the interests of the world about him; yet he was unable to determine definitely the direction of his future activity.

For five years Milton remained at Horton, reading widely, particularly in the classics, and thinking high thoughts. These years of study and meditation bore fruit in the finest of Milton's minor poems: to this period belong *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Arcades*, *Comus* and *Lycidas*.

In the spring of 1638 Milton made a memorable journey to Italy. Everywhere the young fellow found a warm welcome. In Rome he was entertained by Cardinal Barberini. At Florence he was honored by the literary circle, and one day there came a dramatic moment when he stood in the presence of the blind Galileo, then "grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."[1] At Naples he won the friendship of Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa,

[1] *Areopagitica.*

to whom he addressed one of the best known of his Latin poems. As Milton was about to leave Naples for Sicily and Greece, however, tidings reached him of the approach of civil war in England. "Thinking it base," he says, "to be travelling at my ease for intellectual culture while my fellow-countrymen at home were fighting for liberty,"[1] he changed his plans and made a rather leisurely journey homeward, arriving in England in August, 1639.

This year marks the end of Milton's long period of passivity, of scholarly acquisition and seclusion. Shortly after his return from Italy, the news of the death of his friend Charles Diodati prompted him to write the *Epitaphium Damonis*, the noblest of his numerous Latin poems; but this is the last sustained piece of verse we get from him in two decades. He began almost immediately to take such an active part in public affairs, that before many years few men in England were better known. By 1641 Milton had begun the long series of controversial pamphlets on religious, social and political questions which made his reputation among his contemporaries, and not until the decline of the Commonwealth did he again give serious attention to purely literary interests. Still, a few splendid sonnets are preserved to us in the wreckage of these twenty years, and in 1645 Milton collected and published such poems as he had at hand.

[1] *Defensio Secunda.*

In March, 1649, two months after the execution of Charles I., Milton was made Latin secretary to the Committee of Foreign Affairs under the Commonwealth. By January, 1651, he had so commended himself to the government that the Council of State entrusted to him the task of answering Salmasius's *Defensio Regio pro Carolo I.*, a dangerous book which had appeared during the previous autumn. Milton's physicians warned him that if he undertook this commission, his eyesight, which for some years had been weakening, would probably fail him altogether, but he was not the man to flinch for any reason from what he believed to be his duty to the Commonwealth. Two months later the Latin Secretary sent to the press his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, and by the following spring he was totally blind. He continued to supervise the foreign correspondence of the State, however, till the Restoration cut short forever his active participation in politics.

Most of the writings published by Milton during his controversial period have long since become obsolete, with the issues which occasioned them; some of them reveal an unpleasant side to Milton's character, for they show that this high-minded Puritan could be, when he chose, not only arrogant, but even savage and vituperative. Perhaps we need make special mention here only of the *Reason of Church Government Urged Against Prelaty*

(1641), some portions of which deserve to be saved from oblivion for the splendor of their style, and for their autobiographical interest; of the *Areopagitica* (1644), a magnificent defence of the liberty of the press, and, on the whole, Milton's finest prose work; and of *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* (1649), a strenuous defence of the judges of Charles I. In these and his other prose writings, Milton stood in general for freedom of conscience and individual liberty: tyranny, whether it took the form of the cruelty of Laud, the intolerance of the Presbyterians, or the "divine right" of the Stuarts, was hateful to him. His strong sense of justice is apparent, again, in the group of sonnets which he gave to the world during these stormy years, and which are associated, for the most part, with men and matters of current interest.

The last years of Milton's life were devoted largely to the composition of *Paradise Lost* (published 1667), *Paradise Regained* (1671), and *Samson Agonistes* (1671), and the revision of his earlier poems (1673), though he found time for a Latin Grammar (1669), a *History of Britain* (1670) and other minor works. Milton's old age was not altogether solitary. "He was visited much by learned [men]: more than he did desire," says the ingenuous Aubrey. We know that among Milton's visitors were some congenial young men who chatted with the blind poet, read to him, and wrote at his dictation. Two of these, Cyriack

Skinner and a son of Henry Lawrence, Milton has commemorated in sonnets. Jonathan Richardson, joint author with his son of *Explanatory Notes and Remarks on Milton's Paradise Lost*, published in London in 1734, has recorded (pp. iv, v) a quaint bit of contemporary comment on the poet in his latter days: "I have heard many Years Since," he notes, "that he Us'd to Sit in a Grey Coarse Cloath Coat at the Door of his House, near *Bun-hill* Fields, Without *Moorgate*, in Warm Sunny Weather, to Enjoy the Fresh Air, and so, as well as in his Room, receiv'd the Visits of People of Distinguish'd Parts, as well as Quality. and very Lately I had the Good Fortune to have Another Picture of him from an Ancient Clergyman in *Dorsetshire*, Dr. *Wright;* He found him in a Small House, he thinks but One Room on a Floor: in That, up One pair of Stairs, which was hung with a Rusty Green, he found *John Milton*, Sitting in an Elbow Chair, Black Cloaths, and Neat enough, Pale but not Cadaverous, his Hands and Fingers Gouty, and with Chalk Stones. among Other Discourse He exprest Himself to This Purpose: that, was he Free from the Pain This gave him, his Blindness would be Tolerable."

Milton's domestic life was not altogether pleasant. The first of his three wives, Mary Powell, a young and lively girl who had been reared in a Royalist family, was ill suited to a Puritan household, and their incompatibility brought both her

husband and herself much unhappiness. To Catherine Woodcock, his second wife, who died after only fifteen months of married life, Milton alludes with great tenderness in the sonnet beginning:

> Methought I saw my late espoused saint
> Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave.

Late in life he married Elizabeth Minshull, who seems to have done her best to make up, by her ministrations, for the slights of Milton's not always dutiful daughters. She survived his death, which occurred on the 8th of November, 1674.

Of Milton's personal characteristics we get some hint from Aubrey's scattered notes: "His harmonicall and ingeniose soul did lodge in a beautifull and well-proportioned body. He was a spare man. He was scarce so tall as I am [Aubrey describes himself as of 'middle stature'] . . . he had abroun [*i. e.* auburn] hayre. His complexion exceeding faire—he was so faire that they called him *the lady of Christ's College.* Ovall face. His eie a dark gray . . . He had a delicate tuneable voice, and had good skill. His father instructed him. He had an organ in his howse: he played on that most . . . Of a very cheerfull humour.—He would be chearfull even in his gowte-fitts, and sing . . . Extreme pleasant in his conversation, and at dinner, supper, etc.: but satyricall, . . . His widowe haz his picture, drawne very well and like, when a Cambridge schollar . . . which ought to

be engraven; for the pictures before his bookes are not *at all* like him."

It is apparent from these jottings that Milton was by no means an uncompanionable man, however austerely he may have written. It is not easy to estimate his character consistently. With his gentleness toward his friends we have to contrast his harshness, bitterness, and downright brutality toward his enemies. Measured by ordinary standards, no man ever shaped for himself higher ideals; yet he could apparently lose sight of those ideals in the very act of forcing them upon others. The confidence in his own judgment and in his own destiny which shows itself in Milton's earlier controversial writings never forsook him, even in the face of an affliction that would have crushed a less determined spirit. The same iron resolution that impelled him to sacrifice his eyesight for the good of his country, sustained him in his blindness so that he could say of himself:

> Yet I argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate one jot
> Or heart or hope: but still bear up, and steer
> Right onward.[1]

It is Milton's indomitable courage and splendid self-reliance that give character to the man. The accident of his Puritan affiliations emphasized these qualities in his writings, and obscured the ten-

[1] Sonnet on his blindness, addressed to Cyriack Skinner.

derness and human sympathy that, under other conditions, might have been revealed to us in a more approachable, if less exalted, personality.

II. MILTON'S WORKS IN THE ORDER OF PUBLICATION

1. A Mask [Comus]. 1637.
2. Lycidas [in "Obsequies to the Memory of Mr. Edward King"]. 1638.
3. Of Reformation touching Church-Discipline in England. 1641.
4. Of Prelatical Episcopacy. 1641.
5. Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus. 1641.
6. The Reason of Church-Government urged against Prelaty. 1641.
7. An Apology against a Pamphlet called A Modest Confutation of the Animadversions upon the Remonstrant against Smectymnuus. 1642.
8. The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce. 1643. Second edition, enlarged, 1644.
9. Of Education. To Master Samuel Hartlib. 1644. Reprinted at the end of Milton's Poems in the edition of 1673.
10. The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce, now Englished. 1644.
11. Areopagitica. 1644.
12. Tetrachordon. 1645.
13. Colasterion. 1645.
14. Poems . . . both English and Latin, composed at several times. [The English poems: On the Morning of Christ's Nativity; A Paraphrase on Psalm CXIV; Psalm CXXXVI; The Passion; On Time; Upon the Circum-

cision; At a Solemn Music; An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester; Song on May Morning; On Shakspere; On the University Carrier; Another on the Same; L'Allegro; Il Penseroso; Ten sonnets, as follows: "O Nightingale," five sonnets in Italian, "How soon hath Time," "Captain or Colonel," "Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth," "Daughter to that good Earl"; Arcades; Lycidas; Comus. The Latin Poems consisted of an Elegiarum Liber, containing fifteen pieces, and a Sylvarum Liber, containing nine, to which were added two bits of Greek verse.

To the second edition, 1673, were added the nine following sonnets: "A book was writ of late," "I did but prompt the age," "Harry, whose tuneful and well measured song," "When Faith and Love," "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints," "When I consider how my light is spent," "Lawrence," "Cyriack, whose grandsire on the royal bench," "Methought I saw my late espoused saint"; also the poem On the New Forcers of Conscience; a translation of the Fifth Ode of the First Book of Horace; paraphrases of Psalms I-VIII, LXXX-LXXXVIII; On the Death of a Fair Infant; A Vacation Exercise; two more Latin poems, and a Greek epigram on Marshall's engraving of Milton's portrait.] 1645.

15. The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates. 1649.
16. Observations upon the Articles of Peace with the Irish Rebels. 1649.
17. Eikonoklastes. 1649.

18. Pro Populo Anglicano defensio contra Claudii anonymi, alias Salmasii Defensionem Regiam. 1651.
19. Pro populo Anglicano defensio secunda. 1654.
20. Pro se defensio contra Alexandrum Morum [with a Supplementum Responsio]. 1655.
21. Scriptum Domini Protectoris contra . . . Hispanos. 1655.
22. A Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes. 1659.
23. Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove Hirelings out of the Church. 1659.
24. The Ready and Easy way to establish a Free Commonwealth. 1660.
25. Brief Notes upon a late Sermon . . . preached . . . by Matthew Griffeth, D. D. 1660.
26. Paradise Lost. 1667. Second edition, 1674; third, 1678; fourth, 1688.
27. Accidence commenced Grammar. . . . 1669.
28. The History of Britain. 1670.
29. Artis Logicæ plenior Institutio. 1670.
30. Paradise Regained. 1671.
31. Samson Agonistes [published with the preceding]. 1671.
32. Of true Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and what best means may be used against the growth of Popery. 1673.
33. Epistolarum Familiarum liber unus. 1674.
34. A Declaration or Letters Patent of the Election of this present King of Poland, John the Third [a translation]. 1674.

POSTHUMOUS

35. Literæ Pseudo-Senatus Anglicani, etc. 1676.
36. Character of the Long Parliament and Assembly of Divines in 1641. [This is of

doubtful authenticity. It purports to be a suppressed portion of Milton's History of Britain.] 1681.

37. A Brief History of Muscovia. 1682.
38. Letters of State. [A translation of No. 35 above. Edited by Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, with a life of Milton prefixed. This volume contained four sonnets never before printed: To Cromwell; To Fairfax; To Sir Henry Vane; To Cyriack Skinner ("Cyriack, this three-years-day these eyes").] 1694.
39. The first edition of the collected Prose Works of Milton, published in 1697, contained two tracts never before printed: A Letter to a Friend Concerning the Ruptures of the Commonwealth (written in 1659); The Present Means and Brief Delineation of a Free Commonwealth (written in 1660).
40. De Doctrina Christiana. 1825.

III. THE GENESIS OF PARADISE LOST

When John Milton returned to his father's house in 1639, after his triumphal tour in Italy, it was with a serious purpose to do something for England that should justify the long years of leisurely study which his father's indulgence had made possible. Milton's tastes and accomplishments were those of a man of letters, and he seems to have meant, from the first, to serve his country in some way with his pen. He was more at his ease in verse than in prose,[1] and a great poem seemed to him the

[1] In *The Reason of Church Government*, he apologizes for writing in prose, "wherein knowing myself inferior

most fitting memorial he could leave his countrymen—perhaps an epic, which should mean to Englishmen what the *Iliad* meant to the Greeks, or the *Æneid* to the Romans. The earliest specific hint we get of a purpose to compose such a poem, occurs in the Latin lines addressed to Manso in 1639, where he wishes the Spirit might aid him in singing of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Later in the same year, certain verses in the *Epitaphium Damonis* indicate that the idea of an Arthurian epic still appealed to him. Again, in a famous passage in *The Reason of Church Government*, published in 1641, Milton speaks, less definitely, of his ambition to "leave something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die"—something, moreover, not in Latin, then commonly regarded as the more elegant and dignified language, but in English. Having made up his mind to this, "I applied myself," he writes, "to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue: not to make verbal curiosities the end (*that* were a toilsome vanity), but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout this Island in

to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account, but of my left hand."

the mother-dialect; that what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old, did for *their* country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above of being a Christian, might do for mine; not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British Islands as my world, whose fortune hath hitherto been that, if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had *her* noble achievements made small by the unskillful handling of monks and mechanics." Then he goes on to express his doubt whether the poem he contemplates had best take "that *Epic* form whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the Book of Job a brief, model," or "whether those *Dramatic* constitutions wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation. The Scripture," he points out, "also affords us a divine Pastoral Drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges; and the Apocalypse of Saint John is the majestic image of a high and stately Tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujas and harping symphonies." And he not only hesitates between the epic and the dramatic forms of composition,

but he is uncertain "what king or knight before the Conquest might be chosen in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero." In view of subsequent developments it is significant that he should here turn to Scriptural examples both of the epic and of the drama.

The projected poem continued to weigh on Milton's conscience. In the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, is a manuscript note-book containing among other things a list of about a hundred subjects suitable for dramatic treatment, jotted down in the poet's handwriting apparently between the years 1639 and 1642. Sixty of these subjects, according to Masson, are drawn from Biblical, and thirty-eight from British history. At the head of the list are four drafts, in outline, of a play to be modelled after the Greek tragedy, with a chorus, and to be called *Paradise Lost*, or *Adam Unparadised*. Other Scriptural topics are *The Flood*, *Abraham and Isaac*, *Joshua*, *Samson*, *David*, *Solomon*, *Christ Born*, *Herod Massacring*, *Lazarus*, and *Christus Patiens*. Among the topics from British history, are *The Massacre of the Britons by Hengist in their Cups at Salisbury Plain*, A. D. 450–476; *Ethelbert of the East Angles*, *Slain by Offa the Mercian King*, A. D. 792; *Alfred, in Disguise of a Minstrel, Discovers the Danes' Negligence; Sets on with a Mighty Slaughter*, A. D. 878; *Harold Slain in Battle by William the Norman*, A. D. 1066; *Macbeth*,

Beginning at the Arrival of Malcom at Macduff. Arthur is not mentioned—perhaps, it has been conjectured, because Milton felt that after all he could not concern himself with unauthenticated legends—possibly because with his growing republicanism he had lost his enthusiasm for purely chivalrous ideals.

We may believe that of all these subjects, Milton was most attracted by *Paradise Lost:* for he not only made four attempts at planning the tragedy, but he seems actually to have written some of the text. "In the 4th booke of *Paradise Lost*," records Aubrey, "there are about six verses of Satan's exclamation to the sun, which Mr. E. Phil[l]ips remembers about 15 or 16 yeares before ever his poem was thought of. Which verses were intended for the beginning of a tragoedie which he had designed, but was diverted from it by other businesse."[1] This "other businesse," as we have seen, proved to be of a sufficiently serious character. These were stirring times in England, and with the civil and religious liberty of his countrymen at stake, Milton's conscience would not allow him to spend his days in making verses. What he might ultimately have accomplished had

[1] This evidence is corroborated by Phillips (Milton's nephew) himself, in the memoir prefixed to his edition of Milton's Letters of State, London, 1694 (p. xxxv.) It appears that the verses here referred to are ll. 32-41 of the present Fourth Book.

this crisis not arisen, is a matter of interesting but futile conjecture. Political life is not ordinarily thought of as the best possible school for a poet: how far the stress and strain of those twenty years made or unmade this poet, no man can say: one thing we know—the Heavenly Vision came at last, and John Milton was not disobedient.

It was not until about the year 1658 that Milton found leisure to take up again the idea that had dominated his youth. There was no question, now, so far as we know, of topic or of form. To the blind and disappointed Puritan statesman, *Paradise Lost* seemed the one inevitable subject, and for some reason the poem shaped itself in his mind as an epic rather than as a drama. Masson has collected for us scraps of contemporary testimony which, in the aggregate, give us a tolerably clear notion of the process of composition. Milton would think out his lines until he had twenty or thirty in his head, then ask the first friend who came to hand to take them down from dictation. Occasionally, some one would read to him, for correction, the passages which had been written in this piecemeal fashion. Phillips, in his memoir,[1] gives us some account of Milton's amanuenses. His daughters "he made serviceable to him in that very particular in which he most wanted their Service, and supplied his want of Eye-sight by their Eyes and Tongue; for, though he had daily about

[1] P. xli, f.

him one or other to Read to him—some, persons of Man's Estate, who of their own accord greedily catch'd at the opportunity of being his Readers, that they might as well reap the benefit of what they Read to him as oblige him by the benefit of their reading; others, of younger years, sent by their Parents to the same end—yet, excusing only the Eldest Daughter by reason of her bodily Infirmity, and difficult utterance of Speech, . . . the other two were Condemn'd to the performance of Reading and exactly pronouncing all the Languages of whatever Book he should at one time or other think fit to peruse. Viz. The *Hebrew* (and I think the *Syriac*) the *Greek*, the *Latin*, the *Italian*, *Spanish*, and *French*. All which sorts of Books to be confined to Read without understanding one word must needs be a Tryal of Patience almost beyond endurance; yet it was endured by both for a long time."

It appears from the foregoing that the duties of Milton's amanuenses were by no means restricted to the preparation of a fair copy of the poem. Notwithstanding the vast store of learning which the poet brought to his task, he was continually making researches that should increase the wealth of his allusion. Years before he had solemnly recorded his conviction that such a work as he now had in hand was "not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapors of wine—like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or

the trencher fury of a riming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this," he concluded significantly, "must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs. . . . "[1] The last two decades had given him his opportunities for observation, and insight into affairs; and now that the time had come for the work to which he had so long ago consecrated himself, he was beginning the day with a chapter in the Hebrew Bible and an hour or two of meditation, and spending much of the remaining time in the special reading that he conceived his task demanded.[2] The results of this laborious preparation are not superimposed upon the poem as a kind of decoration—they are a part of its very texture. "Milton must have had the Bible almost entirely by heart," says Masson. "Not only are some passages of his poem, where he is keeping close to the Bible as his authority, intentional coagulations of dispersed Scriptural texts; but it is possible again and again,

[1] *The Reason of Church Government.*

[2] Aubrey is our authority. It should be remembered that Milton had in hand at this time, besides *Paradise Lost*, a *History of Britain* and other prose works.

throughout the rest, to detect the flash, through his noblest language, of some suggestion from the Psalms, the Prophets, the Gospels, or the Apocalypse. So, though in a less degree, with Homer, the Greek Tragedians (among whom Euripides was a special favourite of his), Plato, Demosthenes, and the Greek classics generally. So with Lucretius, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Persius, and the other Latins. So with the Italian writers whom he knew so well—Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and others now less remembered. So with modern Latinists of various European countries, still less recoverable.[1] Finally, so with the whole series of preceding English poets—particularly Spenser, Shakespeare, and some of the minor Spenserians of the reigns of James and Charles I., that quaint popular favourite of his boyhood, Sylvester's Du Bartas, not forgotten."[2]

We have seen that for the successful accomplishment of his design, Milton relied—the passage is fine enough to bear repetition—on "devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." Again

[1] Professor Masson does not mean that these works are lost, but that they are not always easily accessible to the ordinary reader.

[2] *Milton's Poetical Works.* New York and London, 1894, II, 55 f.

he writes, in the same connection, that the fulfillment of his plan "lies not but in a power above man's to promise." There can be but little doubt that the poet regarded himself as at times directly inspired from Heaven, and that consequently his invocations to the Heavenly Muse are something more than an ordinary epic convention. At the beginning of the ninth book he tells us that his "celestial Patroness"

> Deigns
> Her nightly visitation unimplored,
> And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
> Easy my unpremeditated verse.

It seems to be literally true that Milton composed much at night, sometimes ringing up his daughter "at what hour soever," Richardson says, "to secure what came"—sometimes dictating twenty or thirty verses to his wife in the morning. Phillips reports that his vein flowed most happily between the autumnal and the vernal equinoxes, and that accordingly "in all the years he was about this poem, he may be said to have spent but half his time therein."

The process of composition went on, apparently, for six or seven years. In the autumn of 1665, Thomas Ellwood, a young Quaker—one of those persons who had "greedily catch'd at the opportunity" of reading to Milton, visited the poet at his cottage in Chalfont-St.-Giles, in Buckinghamshire. "After some common discourses had passed

between us,'' Ellwood writes in his Autobiography,[1] ''he called for a manuscript of his; which being brought he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure; and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon. When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent Poem, which he intitled Paradise Lost.''[2]

It was not until the end of August, 1667, that the poem, consisting at this stage of ten books, had been printed by Samuel Simmons in an edition of rather more than thirteen hundred copies. Milton received five pounds in cash (worth nearly eighteen pounds at the present standard), and was to be paid a like sum as the first, second and third editions were each in turn entirely disposed of, each edition to be reckoned at thirteen hundred copies. Considering the nature of Milton's poem and the temper of these Restoration times, the book sold surprisingly well, for by the end of April, 1669, the first edition had been exhausted and Mil-

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[1] *The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood . . . written by his own hand,* Fourth edition, Lond., 1791, p. 212 f.

[2] It was a remark of Ellwood's on the return of this manuscript—''Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?''—that led to the composition of Milton's lesser epic, *Paradise Regained,* published in connection with *Samson Agonistes* in 1671.

ton received his second five pounds.[1] In 1674, the year of Milton's death, the second edition appeared, with the seventh and tenth books each divided, so that there were now twelve books instead of ten. The growing popularity of the poem is curiously attested by the publication, this same year, of Dryden's *State of Innocence*, an impossible opera adapted by Milton's permission[2] from *Paradise Lost*. The preface speaks of Milton's epic as "undoubtedly one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime poems which either this age or nation has produced."

The fourth edition, published in 1688 by the famous Jacob Tonson,[3] was an expensive, illustrated folio, to which some of the most eminent men in England subscribed. In connection with the sixth edition, 1695, appeared the first commentary on the poem, furnished by a Scotch schoolmaster named Patrick Home. Before the end of the seventeenth century, then, the book was being

[1] This was the last installment paid to the poet personally. Six years after Milton's death, his widow accepted eight pounds from the publisher as a full compensation for all her rights in the poem, so that altogether *Paradise Lost* brought Milton and his heirs eighteen pounds (equivalent to sixty-three pounds in modern currency).

[2] Not any too graciously given, if we may believe Aubrey: "Mr. Milton recieved him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to tagge his verses."

[3] Tonson at this time owned but half the copyright.

frequently reissued and carefully studied. Early in the eighteenth century Addison contributed to the *Spectator* his important series of criticisms on the poem; reprints, commentaries and critical essays continued to multiply, and the succession has been maintained unbroken down to our own day. Within a quarter of a century of his death Milton's fame was secure, and as he had hoped, "aftertimes" have shown no disposition to lose interest in the one English epic—if we except the fragmentary *Beówulf*—worthy the name.

IV. THE SUBJECT-MATTER OF PARADISE LOST

Of the various subjects which Milton passed in review when he was evolving the idea of his great poem, none offered such literary possibilities as the story of the creation, temptation and fall of man. Indeed it is hard to conceive of a more exalted theme. Here was matter, not, to be sure, for a national epic which should perpetuate the achievements of the English race, but for something far nobler—an epic of the entire human race. Here was a theme, moreover, that would touch English interests as closely as the story of Arthur or of any other national hero. The Bible was the one familiar book in every household, and to most Englishmen the expulsion from Eden was an event far more real than the Saxon or the Norman conquest. Not only the literature of Milton's time,

but the very speech of the common people was impregnated with Scriptural allusion.

The notion of a Biblical epic was not original with Milton; for centuries the Bible had been a favorite subject, in European literature, for poetical treatment. As far back as the fourth century of our era we find here and there the Gospel narrative, the Scriptural account of the Creation, the destruction of Sodom, the ministry of Jonah, the Deluge, and other episodes of the Old and the New Testament unskillfully written down, with much show of elaboration, in Latin hexameters.[1] One of the best known relics of Anglo-Saxon literature that has come down to us—the so-called Cædmonic Paraphrase—is a clumsy attempt, made presumably in the seventh century, to re-tell, with certain embellishments, the stories of Genesis, Exodus and Daniel. In Italy and in Holland, in Milton's own century, plays and other poems on Scriptural subjects were occasionally produced, and Sylvester's *Divine Weekes and Workes* (1605), a translation from the French of Du Bartas, is an example of a pre-Miltonic treatment of a similar theme.

When Milton tells us, then, that he intends to write of:

> Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme

we must not take him too literally. No

[1] Examples are the *Historia Evangelica* of Juvencus, the *Paschale Carmen* of Sedulius, and the *De Spiritalis Historiæ Gestis* of Avitus.

one knew better than Milton—most learned of English poets—of the existence of poems of the same general type as his own. He has even been accused of stealing right and left from his predecessors in this field, so that if we are to believe some critics, *Paradise Lost* is but a patchwork arrangement of scraps and shreds borrowed without acknowledgment from these Latin, Anglo-Saxon, Italian, Dutch and English sources. In view of the similarities in characterization, description and method which are inevitable when several writers attempt to treat independently a subject as definite and as familiar as the one under discussion, it is hard to say how far Milton may have been indebted to these earlier Biblical poems. Like the rest, Milton felt obliged to adhere to the generally accepted idea of the Creation and the events immediately following, as outlined in the Old Testament, certain apocryphal writings—notably the Gospel of Nicodemus—and the commentaries of mediæval theologians. But granted this inevitable parallelism in the general method of procedure, Milton's poem is still, regarded in its entirety, quite unlike anything written before or since. The grandeur of the scale on which the poem is conceived, the height and breadth and depth of the blind Milton's spiritual vision, the unapproachable dignity of his style, make *Paradise Lost* not only far and away the best Biblical epic in any language, but one of the great epics of all time.

For the reader who approaches Milton's poem for the first time, the text is full of difficulties of language and allusion. Some of these difficulties, however, may be disposed of at the outset by a general account of the structure and meaning of the poem. In the first place the reader must have clearly in mind the physical conditions under which the action is supposed to take place. Milton carries us back to a time when there was no Earth, no Universe of sun and planets and fixed stars, no Hell. We have to think of all existing things as contained, at the beginning of the poem, in two vast, indefinite tracts, approximately hemispherical, whose functions Masson explains as follows:

"The upper of these two hemispheres of Primeval Infinity is Heaven, or The Empyrean—a boundless, unimaginable region of light, freedom, happiness, and glory, in the midst whereof God, though omnipresent, has His immediate and visible dwelling. He is here surrounded by a vast population of beings, called 'The Angels,' or 'Sons of God,' who draw near to His throne in worship, derive thence their nurture and their delight, and yet live dispersed through all the ranges and recesses of the region, leading severally their mighty lives and performing the behests of Deity, but organised into companies, orders, and hierarchies. Milton is careful to explain that all that he says of Heaven is said symbolically, and in order to make conceivable by the human imagination

what in its own nature is inconceivable; but, this once explained, he is bold enough in his use of terrestrial analogies. Round the immediate throne of Deity, indeed, there is kept a blazing mist of vagueness, which words are hardly permitted to pierce, though the Angels are represented as from time to time assembling within it, beholding the Divine Presence and hearing the Divine Voice. But Heaven at large, or portions of it, are figured as tracts of a celestial Earth, with plain, hill, and valley, whereon the myriads of the Sons of God expatiate, in their two orders of Seraphim and Cherubim, and in their descending ranks, as Archangels or Chiefs, Princes of various degrees, and individual Powers and Intelligences. Certain differences, however, are implied as distinguishing these Celestials from the subsequent race of Mankind. As they are of infinitely greater prowess, immortal, and of more purely spiritual nature, so their ways even of physical existence and action transcend all that is within human experience. Their forms are dilatable or contractible at pleasure; they move with incredible swiftness; and, as they are not subject to any law of gravitation, their motion, though ordinarily represented as horizontal over the Heavenly ground, may as well be vertical or in any other direction, and their aggregations need not, like those of men, be in squares, oblongs, or other plane figures, but may be in cubes, or other rectangular or oblique solids,

or in spherical masses. These and various other particulars are to be kept in mind concerning Heaven and its pristine inhabitants. As respects the other half or hemisphere of the Primeval Infinity, though it, too, is inconceivable in its nature, and has to be described by words which are at best symbolical, less needs be said. For it is Chaos, or the Uninhabited—a huge, limitless ocean, abyss, or quagmire, of universal darkness and lifelessness, wherein are jumbled in blustering confusion the elements of all matter, or rather the crude embryons of all the elements, ere as yet they are distinguishable. There is no light there, nor properly Earth, Water, Air, or Fire, but only a vast pulp or welter of unformed matter, in which all these lie tempestuously intermixed. Though the presence of Deity is there potentially too, it is still, as it were, actually retracted thence, as from a realm unorganised and left to Night and Anarchy; nor do any of the Angels wing down into its repulsive obscurities. The crystal floor or wall of Heaven divides them from it; underneath which, and unvisited of light, save what may glimmer through upon its nearer strata, it howls and rages and stagnates eternally."[1]

This cosmos sufficed for untold ages, until in the process of time the rebellion of a third part of the Angels of Heaven made it necessary that a new region should be provided for their imprisonment.

[1] *Milton's Poetical Works*, II, 79 f.

Then the Almighty set apart in the depths of Chaos a district called Hell, shut in by walls and roof of fire, and guarded by ninefold gates of brass, iron, and adamantine rock. The ever-burning soil of this dismal waste is diversified by volcanic hills and drained by five rivers, four of which discharge into a lake of fire; beyond the fifth, Lethe, which Professor Himes[1] thinks is to be regarded rather as an endless canal encircling the lake at some distance—

> A frozen continent
> Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
> Of whirlwind and dire hail;

for as in the *Inferno* of Dante, extreme cold, as well as extreme heat, is used as an instrument of torture.

In the course of the nine days during which the rebellious angels lie "rolling in the fiery gulf" of Hell, after their fearful fall from the Empyrean, the Messiah, by direction of the Almighty, creates in the midst of another portion of Chaos, close to Heaven and suspended from it by a golden chain, our World—that is to say, Earth with the ten enveloping spheres which, according to a late modification of the Ptolemaic system of Astronomy, make up the Universe. The general situation

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[1] *Paradise Lost . . . With an Introduction and Notes on its Structure and Meaning.* By J. A. Himes, N. Y., 1898, pp. 14 ff.

at this stage may be illustrated by the following diagram, adapted from Masson:

In this diagram, the series of concentric spheres comprising the Ptolemaic Universe are represented in cross section, so that they appear as concentric rings, with the Earth like a dot at the centre. All but the outermost of these spheres were believed to be transparent, and to revolve about the Earth. The first sphere, counting from the Earth outward, carried with it the moon; the second, the planet Mercury; the third, Venus; the fourth, the Sun; the fifth, Mars; the sixth, Jupiter; the

seventh, Saturn; the eighth, the fixed stars; the ninth was the Crystalline Sphere which caused the precession of the equinoxes; the tenth, the Primum Mobile, revolved with all the other spheres about the Earth, completing one revolution every twenty-four hours, thus bringing about the alternation of day and night. A man standing on the Earth and looking upward, then, would find himself gazing into the crystal depths of these spheres—his sky—which Milton in one place[1] rather confusingly calls Heaven, for the opaque Primum Mobile would prevent his seeing into the real Heaven of the Angels, the Empyrean.

It will be remembered that the Copernican theory of Astronomy, which makes the sun the centre of our Universe, was known but not generally accepted in England in Milton's time. Milton shows his familiarity with this theory in at least two passages in *Paradise Lost*—Bk. iv, 592–597, and Bk. viii, 15–178. The latter passage is of particular interest, for in it the Archangel Raphael is represented as discussing with Adam the respective merits of the Ptolemaic and the Copernican systems, and it affords some ground for believing that Milton was himself almost, if not quite, ready to accept the theory of Copernicus. Whatever his personal views on the question may have been, however, we can readily understand why he should have adopted in his epic the

[1] *Paradise Lost*, ii, 1004.

picturesque conception of the universe so familiar in literature, so generally accepted by his readers, and so well adapted to poetic imagery.

For the purposes of his poem, Milton adds to the commonly received theory some special details partly original, partly borrowed. The Ptolemaic Universe is represented as hanging from the floor of Heaven by a golden chain. Whenever one of the angels wishes to visit Earth, a golden ladder is lowered from Heaven to the Primum Mobile—the opaque, shell-like outer sphere—in which is a trap-door leading to the starry depths below, and eventually to our Earth, for the spheres concentric within the Primum Mobile apparently offer no impediment to spiritual essences. After the fall of Man, Sin and Death bridge over that portion of Chaos separating Hell from the Primum Mobile, so that the fiends may have free access to our Earth. Most extraordinary of all is a desolate, wind-swept tract on the outer shell of the Primum Mobile, called by Milton, Limbo, or the Paradise of Fools.

No diagram can give the faintest suggestion of the vastness of the scale on which all this is planned. The only specific information Milton imparts with regard to measurement, is that the distance from Heaven to Hell is three times the radius of the Ptolemaic system.[1] This is puzzling, for when Satan, after his long voyage through

[1] *Paradise Lost*, i, 73, 74.

Chaos, catches his first glimpse of our universe pendent from Heaven, it appears to him

> In bigness as a star
> Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.[1]

And even this is a highly inadequate comparison, for Heaven seems so huge to Satan that he cannot tell whether it is square or round. It is probable that the whole matter presented itself with more or less vagueness to Milton's imagination, and that he himself could not have constructed a chart which should have been absolutely consistent with his narrative; his Heaven and Hell were not built from an architect's plans and specifications, and no surveyor followed Satan through Chaos.

Now that we have some idea of Milton's cosmography, we shall find it convenient to sum up the story which the poem tells. The creation of the new planetary universe served a single purpose—the peopling of the earth at its centre with a new race who should repair the loss occasioned by the expulsion of the rebel angels from Heaven; and, though first and last the poem covers the entire range of human destiny, it is with the vicissitudes of the earliest representatives of this race that *Paradise Lost* professes to be chiefly concerned. Instead of beginning with the rebellion in Heaven and going on to relate in chronological order the various events that led to the banishment of Adam and Eve from the Garden

[1] *Paradise Lost*, ii. 1052-3

of Eden, Milton chooses, like Homer and Virgil, to plunge at once into the midst of the action, and to sum up later the earlier stages of the story. Accordingly, when Milton's first book opens, the revolt of the angels is supposed to have been accomplished. The rebels have been cast out of Heaven, have fallen for nine days through Chaos, the roof of Hell has closed over them, and for another nine days they have been weltering, "thunderstruck and astonished," in the lake of fire. Satan, their leader, is the first to recover himself. He rallies Beëlzebub, his lieutenant, then in a speech full of stinging innuendo, arouses the rebel army. They make their way to the shore where Mammon and his crew erect, with magical rapidity, a stately palace, Pandemonium, within which the chiefs assemble in council.

The second book opens with the debate in Pandemonium. Moloch counsels continued war against the Almighty, even if it end in annihilation; Belial is for "ignoble ease and peaceful sloth"; Mammon advises making the best of the situation by developing the natural resources of Hell; Beëlzebub reminds the company of the rumor that Earth and Mankind are about this time to be created, and suggests that some one investigate the matter with a view to seeing if Man may not be made to join them in dishonoring God. Satan applauds this last scheme, and volunteers to undertake, alone, the dangerous quest; whereupon

the council approves and adjourns. Satan makes his way to the gates of Hell; after some opposition, the guardians, Sin and Death, allow him to pass beyond. He steers his course through Chaos, pacifies the old Anarch and his consort, Night, who rule the region, and finally catches sight of the newly-made Universe, hanging, star-like, close under the wall of Heaven.

The third book begins with a magnificent apostrophe to Light. The Almighty, from his throne in Heaven, sees Satan approaching the Earth. To the Son, he foretells Satan's success in seducing Mankind, Man's impending fall from grace, and the necessity of a Redeemer. The Son offers himself as a ransom. The Father accepts him, and the angels "hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son." Meanwhile, Satan has found footing on the "bare convex" of the Primum Mobile. He proceeds through the Limbo of Vanity, or the Fools' Paradise, to the stairway which leads him down into the planetary spheres. Disguising himself as an angel of lower rank, he journeys on to the sphere of the Sun, where the Regent, Uriel, points out to him the way to Earth. Satan alights on Mount Niphates.

Book four gives us our first glimpse of Adam and Eve in Eden. Satan, discovering from their conversation that the Tree of Knowledge has been forbidden them under penalty of death, determines

to make them disobey. Uriel, suspicious of Satan, warns the Archangel Gabriel to protect Eden. Gabriel sends two angels to the Garden, where they find Satan tempting Eve in a dream. They bring him before Gabriel, and Gabriel and Satan are about to fight when a sign from Heaven checks them. Satan takes to his wings.

In the fifth book, the Almighty sends the Archangel Raphael to Adam and Eve to warn them against Satan's wiles. Raphael is hospitably entertained by the pair, and at Adam's request starts to tell the story of Satan's rebellion: The trouble began on the day when the Almighty commanded all the Host of Heaven to worship his Anointed Son. Satan, refusing obedience, "drew his legions after him to parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel, a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him."

The events of the sixth book are best epitomized in the language of Milton's Argument: "Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent. forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first fight described: Satan and his Powers retire under night. He calls a council; invents devilish engines, which, in the second day's fight, put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan. Yet, the tumult not so ending, God, on the third day,

sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory. He, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the Deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father."

In the seventh book Raphael goes on to relate "how and wherefore this World was first created: —that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another World, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory, and attendance of Angels, to perform the work of creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven."

In the eighth book Adam inquires about the movements of the stars and planets, "is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge." Adam relates to Raphael his own experiences since his creation, particularly his first meeting with Eve. Raphael repeats his admonition to beware of Satan, and departs.

Book nine tells of Satan's return to Eden, in the form of a serpent, to tempt Eve. He finds

her alone, Adam and Eve having decided to divide their labors, and addresses her flatteringly. "Eve, wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not till now; the Serpent answers that by tasting of a certain tree in the Garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both. Eve requires him to bring her to the tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden; the Serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat. She, pleased with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit; relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her, and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit." They become ashamed and reproach one another.

The tenth book relates that God, learning through the Guardian Angels of the transgression of Adam and Eve, sends the Son to sentence them. Satan returns to Pandemonium; as he is recounting his adventures to his comrades, the whole company are suddenly transformed into hissing serpents. Sin and Death, learning of Satan's success, build a bridge over Chaos, from Hell to our universe, and make their way to Eden. "God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present,

commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements," which bring upon the earth "pinching cold and scorching heat," bleak winds and pestilent mists. Death introduces Discord among the beasts of the earth, who fall to devouring one another. Adam and Eve repent and supplicate the offended Deity.

In the eleventh book, "the Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them. God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them. . . . " Michael descends to Eden, breaks to Adam and Eve the news of their banishment, yet of their ultimate redemption, then, taking Adam upon a high hill, unfolds to him in a vision all that shall happen on earth down to the time of the Flood.

In the twelfth book "The Angel Michael continues, from the Flood, to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the Woman shall be which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall: his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the Church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either

hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place."

That portion of *Paradise Lost* included in the present edition, serves, it will be observed, merely as an introduction to the matter with which the poem mainly concerns itself, viz., the temptation and fall of our frail originals, their expulsion from Eden, and the formulation of the plan of redemption. We are not permitted so much as a glimpse of the Earth on which this tragedy is enacted—for as the second book draws to an end, our stellar universe has just appeared to Satan—a mere speck on his horizon. Constructively, then, the value of the first and second books appears to be twofold: (1) they furnish a motive for Satan's intrusion in the Garden of Eden; (2) they open up to the reader's imagination the stupendous reaches of the Miltonic cosmography, and sweeping from his mind all notion of the ordinary physical limitations of space and corporeal existence, they give scale to the entire poem.

Yet the contents of these books should not be regarded as merely so much preliminary matter: they have a unity and a profound significance of their own, apart from their reminiscent and prophetic suggestiveness. The action takes place entirely within the bounds of Hell or in the "hoary Deep" beyond, and it concerns itself with a single subject—the rallying of the broken forces of the

rebel angels and the settlement of their future policy. The only actors are the Fallen Angels and other evil spirits, none of whom, with the exception of Satan, plays directly any important part in subsequent events. In one sense, then, these two books stand by themselves as a study in demonology.

We have here, however, no commonplace theological symbolism. These outcasts from Heaven are strangely ennobled: something of their original angelic glory still radiates from them; it is impossible to reconcile these luminous and majestic beings with the horned and hoofed devils of tradition. Supreme above them all, dominating the situation from beginning to end by his splendid presence, towers the Ruined Archangel. Later on in the poem, this regal figure is degraded, like the rest, to bestiality; but here Milton cannot disguise his admiration for him. Whether or not Milton, himself the representative of a lost cause, sympathized with Satan and his associates as "foiled rebels and republicans," as Lowell suggests,[1] need not concern us. It is enough that in these two books the rebel angels are invested with a dignity that makes them of greater interest, as epic personages, than any other characters in the entire poem.

As a piece of skillful construction, of artistically and consistently developed narrative, *Paradise*

[1] Works, Riverside ed., III, 3.

Lost is not entitled to a high degree of merit. To say that the author attempted the impossible and failed, is one of the commonplaces of criticism. Not even a Milton could successfully compass the philosophical difficulties of his theme, any more than he could reconcile abstract theology with poetry. The portion of the poem we are concerned with, however, presents comparatively few incongruities; the action is fairly simple and the characters act on their own responsibility.

From the point of view of style, too, these introductory books deserve particular study. Milton sets a high standard for himself in the opening lines, but the strain scarcely falters from the beginning to the end. The same fullness of harmony is hardly sustained throughout any other two consecutive books of the poem. Of the imagery it is impossible to speak adequately. Only by successive efforts does the mind perceive the difficulty of comprehending the vastness of Milton's plan, or of visualizing clearly the shadowy forms that rear themselves from the molten surface of the lake, and assemble in Pandemonium. Before one can picture any part of the scene to one's satisfaction, some new simile or chance epithet destroys the perspective, and its elements have to be regrouped on a larger, but always inadequate scale. It is this indefiniteness of outline, this continual and unlimited expansion of the field of perception by the use of suggestive rather than specific

terminology, that makes each recurrent reading of this part of the poem a fresh delight.

V. MILTON'S ENGLISH

The style of *Paradise Lost* presents some difficulties to the modern reader that call for a word or two of comment. These difficulties arise partly from Milton's use of Elizabethan idioms, which he generally preferred to those of Dryden's time, partly from his fondness for forcing the meaning of words derived from the Latin, and particularly from his habit of condensing his sentences by all sorts of omissions, and of inverting the natural order of the thought. Not many actually obsolete words and phrases, such as "burns frore" (ii, 595), "where champions bold Wont ride in armed" (i, 763-4) and "the sounding alchymy" (ii, 517), occur in the first two books. More numerous and more troublesome are a class of words which, though in present use, are employed by Milton in an archaic or an unusual sense. Such are *abject* (i, 312), *abused* (i, 479), *admire* (i, 690), *advanced* (i, 536), *advise* (ii, 376), *afflicted* (i, 186), *arbitress* (i, 785), *argument* (i, 24), *assert* (i, 25), *astonished* (i, 266), *attempted* (ii, 357), *buxom* (ii, 842), *confer* (i, 774), *conjured* (ii, 693), *converse* (ii, 184), *denounced* (ii, 106), *element* (ii, 490), *event* (i, 624), *exercise* (ii, 89), *expatiate* (i, 774), *fact* (ii, 124), *fail* (i, 167), *fame* (i, 651), *fatal* (ii, 104), *frequent*

(i, 797), *humane* (ii, 109), *incense* (ii, 94), *instinct* (ii, 937), *intend* (ii, 457), *luxurious* (i, 498), *mansion* (i, 268), *offend* (i, 187), *orient* (i, 546), *passion* (i, 605), *pennons* (ii, 933), *pernicious* (i, 282), *powers* (i, 186), *prevented* (ii, 467), *proper* (ii, 75), *recess* (i, 795), *reign* (i, 543), *reluctance* (ii, 337), *remorse* (i, 605), *rout* (i, 747), *ruin* (i, 46), *scope* (ii, 127), *secret* (i, 6), *sentence* (ii, 51), *starve* (ii, 600), *still* (i, 165), *study* (i, 107), *sublime* (ii, 528), *success* (ii, 9), *suspended* (ii, 554), *tempt* (ii, 404), *took* (ii, 554), *uncouth* (ii, 407), *unfounded* (ii, 829), *urges* (i, 68), *utter* (i, 72), *virtue* (i, 320), *voluminous* (ii, 652), *warping* (i, 341), *witnessed* (i, 57). The reader should look out particularly for words of Latin origin, which Milton is apt to use with a suggestion of their Latin meaning.

With Syntax, Milton takes every possible liberty. No writer of his time uses greater freedom in the omission of subjects, predicates, auxiliaries, pronouns, prepositions, conjunctions, and all sorts of connecting phrases. Examples may be found on every page of *Paradise Lost:*

> His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
> Equal in strength, and rather than be less
> [He] Cared not to be at all.—ii, 46-8.

> How wearisome
> Eternity so spent in worship paid
> To [one] whom we hate!—ii, 247-9.

Or could we break our way
By force, and [if] at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted.—ii, 134-9.

But perhaps [to some]
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, *etc.*—ii, 70-3.

The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, [so] that hill and valley rings.—ii, 494-5.

Through them I mean to pass,
[Of] That be assured, without leave asked of thee.—ii, 684-5.

What remains [for] him less.—ii, 443.

Examples of similar condensations are frequent enough in the work of any Elizabethan dramatist. In some cases, however, Milton seems to be imitating certain peculiarities of Latin syntax. These imitations are easily accounted for when we remember that from his earliest youth Milton had accustomed himself to writing Latin, both in verse and in prose, and that in the years immediately preceding the composition of *Paradise Lost* he had been engaged much of the time in dictating letters and other state documents in that language. Expressions such as "Though all our glory extinct" (i, 141), "God and his Son except" (ii, 678),

"Though . . . Their children's cries unheard" (i, 394-5) suggest the Latin ablative absolute; "Stood fixed her stately highth" (i, 723), is an accusative of extent; "Never, since created man" (i, 573), and "After . . . summons read" (i, 797-8) seem to be imitations of a Latin construction like *post hominem creatum;* "What doubt we" (ii, 94) is like *quid dubitamus;* "Nor did they not perceive" (i, 335), imitates a Latin construction with *nec non;* in "So as not either to provoke, or dread New war provoked" (i, 644-5), and many similar cases we have something like a familiar Latin use of the participle. In a few cases Milton appears to imitate even the Latin form of participles of Latin origin, as "expectation held His look suspense" (Lat. *suspensus*—ii, 417-8). The omission of the *-ed* termination of perfect participles in general is frequent with Milton, as with Shakspere: "satiate fury" (i, 179), "thoughts more elevate" (ii, 558), "With head uplift" (i, 193).

Sometimes we find a violent change of construction in the midst of a sentence:

> How oft amidst
> Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
> Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
> And with the majesty of darkness round
> Covers his throne, from whence deep thunders roar,
> Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell!—
> ii, 263-8.

We should expect "cover" in place of "covers" in line 267, and "so that" in place of "and" in line 268.

If thou beest he—but Oh how fallen! how changed
From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright!—i, 84-7.

Here the construction demands "did" rather than "didst."

Unexpected changes of tense are frequent:

Each at the head
Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds, *etc.*
—ii, 711-4.

He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend.
—i, 615-6.

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatched.—ii, 284-8.

Sometimes Milton affects an inverted arrangement of words or phrases:

For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense.—ii, 556.

Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and looked awhile.—ii, 917-8.

That is to say, "The wary Fiend stood on the brink of Hell and looked a while into this wild Abyss."

> Let us not then pursue—
> By force impossible, by leave obtained
> Unacceptable—though in Heaven, our state
> Of splendid vassalage.—ii, 249-52.

I.e., "Let us not then seek after our state of splendid servitude, impossible to obtain by force, unacceptable, though it be in Heaven, if obtained by leave."

Now and then the thought is curiously confused:

> Satisfied
> With what is punished.—ii, 212-3.

I.e., "with the amount of punishment."

> I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
> Sight more detestable than him and thee.—ii, 744-5.

I.e., "a sight so detestable as he and thou."

> And by what best way,
> Whether of open war or covert guile,
> We now debate.—ii, 40-2.

I.e., "and what way would be best."

> Retire; or taste thy folly.—ii, 686.

I.e., "taste the result of thy folly."

God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he nor shunned.—ii, 678-9.

Milton is not to be understood as classing God and his Son among created things.

An apparent interchange of various parts of speech is common in *Paradise Lost*, as in Shakspere and other Elizabethan writers: an adjective for a noun, "this essential" (ii, 97), "vast abrupt" (ii, 409), "palpable obscure" (ii, 406); a verb for a noun, "beyond Compare" (i, 587-8); an adjective for an adverb, "To punish endless" (ii, 159), "and reasoned high" (ii, 558). Sometimes a transitive verb is used intransitively:

What creatures there inhabit.—ii, 355.

Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light.—ii, 1041-2.

Sometimes an intransitive verb, transitively:

And confer
Their state-affairs.—i, 774-5.

Ere he arrive
The happy isle.—ii, 409-10.

Among other peculiar Elizabethan expressions are: "With more successful hope" (i, 120) for "with more hope of success"; "Ages of hopeless end" (ii, 186), for "ages without hope of end"; "the oblivious pool" (i, 266), for "the pool that

makes one oblivious"; "conscious terrors" (ii, 801), for "terrors of which I am conscious"; "Likening his Maker to the grazed ox" (i, 486), that is "to the ox whose nature it is to graze"; "unenvied" (ii, 23), for "unenviable"; "abhorred" (ii, 659), for "abhorrent"; "spares to tell thee" (ii, 739).

"His" or "her" are almost invariably used by Milton, after the Elizabethan fashion, in place of "its," which did not come into general acceptance until the end of the seventeenth century. "Its" is said to occur but three times in Milton's poetry: *Paradise Lost*, i, 254; iv, 813; *Nativity Ode*, 106.

Occasionally we find violations of strict grammatical usage, as

> For the mind and spirit remains
> Invincible.—i, 139-40.

> Belial came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd
> Fell not from Heaven.—i, 490-1.

> For that mortal dint,
> Save he who reigns above, none can resist.—ii, 813-4.

> 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires.—i, 346.

Milton's spelling and punctuation were quite arbitrary, hence inconsistencies in this respect between various editions of *Paradise Lost* need trouble nobody. Each editor punctuates the text to suit himself, and it is customary to adopt

modern orthography, except in the case of some special words like *highth*, *brigad*, *landskip*, where Milton's spelling has a peculiar phonetic value, and other words like *ammiral*, *haralds*, *soldan*, *sovran*, which indicate Milton's preference for Italian forms.

VI. MILTON'S VERSE

A concise analysis of Milton's blank verse would be a hopeless task. The measure of *Paradise Lost* is too delicately modulated and too richly varied to be reduced to formulas that may be drummed out at the ends of one's fingers, and Milton's inconsistency in the use of elisions, contractions, inversions and other variations makes the tabulation of inflexible rules out of the question. Often it is possible to read a given line in two ways, either of which would conform to Milton's usage elsewhere; hence the interpretation of his verse is sometimes a matter of individual taste and judgment. Certain sorts of metrical license, however, are habitual enough with Milton to warrant their mention here as a kind of test to be applied to doubtful lines.

The normal line in *Paradise Lost* may be regarded as made up of ten feet, each consisting of an unaccented, followed by an accented syllable:[1]

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[1] In the following examples the symbols ⏑ and ′ are used to indicate stress, not quantity.

Thĕ gréat | Sĕráph | ĭc Lórds | ănd Chér | ŭbím
Ĭn clóse | rĕcéss | ănd sé | crĕt cón | clăve sát.—i, 794-5.

Only a small portion of Milton's verses, however, conform exactly to this norm. One of the commonest variations is the transposition in one or more feet of the places for the unaccented and the accented syllable:

Ré giŏns | ŏf sór | rŏw, dóle | fŭl shádes, | whĕre péace.—i, 65.

Fŏr óne | rĕstráint, | lórds ŏf | thĕ wórld | bĕsídes.—i, 32.

Ĭllú | mĭne, whát | ĭs lów | raíse ănd | sŭppórt.—i, 23.

Hóv'rĭng | ŏn wíng | úndĕr | thĕ cópe | ŏf Héll.—i. 345.

This transposition may occur in any foot, though it is commonest in the first and rarest in the fifth. Occasionally a foot consists of two accented syllables:

Rócks, cáves, | lákes, féns, | bógs, déns, | ănd shádes | ŏf deáth.—ii, 621.

Wĭth heád, | hánds, wíngs, | ŏr feét, | pŭrsúes | hĭs wáy.—ii, 949.

Frequently, of two unaccented syllables:

Frŏm theír | Crĕá | tŏr, ănd | trănsgréss | hĭs wíll.—i, 31.

It is probable that Milton, like Shakspere,[1]

[1] See Schmidt's *Shakspere Lexicon*, Appendix I.

sometimes availed himself of the privilege of changing for metrical purposes the ordinary accent of a word. If an adjective or participle of two syllables with the accent on the last is followed immediately by a strongly accented syllable, the accent of the former word appears in some cases to be shifted back to the first syllable:

Nĕxt Ché | mŏs, th'ób | scĕne dreád | ŏf Mó | ăb's sóns. —i, 406.

Ĕncámp | theĭr lé | giŏns, ór | wĭth ób | scŭre wíng. —ii, 132.

Ĭn cón | fŭsed márch | fŏr lórn, | th' ădvén | t'roŭs bánds.—ii, 615.

Ŏr ún | knŏwn ré | giŏn, whát | rĕmaíns | hĭm léss
Thăn ún | knŏwn dán | gĕrs ănd | ăs hárd | ĕscápe. —ii, 443-4.

Hĭs ún | coŭth wáy, | ŏr spreád | hĭs áer | ў flíght.—ii, 407.

Thĭs ún | coŭth ér | răndsóle, | ănd óne | fŏr áll.—ii, 827.

Ănd sát | ăs Prín | cĕs, whóm | thĕ sú | prĕme Kíng.— i, 735.

Ŏur Sú | prĕme Fóe | ĭn tíme | măy múch | rĕmít.— —ii, 210.

Obdurate (i, 58) is apparently always accented by Milton on the second syllable. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, vi, 790; xii, 205.

Many of the elisions and contractions found in *Paradise Lost* are common to all English poetry: *Disobedience* (i, 1) and *incorporeal* (i, 789) may be pronounced as if they were words of four syllables; *perpetual* (i, 131), *associates* (i, 265) as if they were trisyllabic; *impious* (i, 43), *hideous* (i, 46), *sulphurous* (i, 171), *mightiest* (i, 99), *mightier* (i, 149), *conqueror* (i, 143), *capital* (ii, 924), *suffering* (i, 158), *sufferance* (i, 366), *glimmering* (i, 182), *populous* (i, 770), *popular* (ii, 313), *ominous* (ii, 123), *fiery* (i, 52), as if they were dissyllabic; *power* (i, 103), *ruin* (i, 91), *riot* (i, 499), *trial* (i, 366), *showers* (ii, 4), *towers* (ii, 62), *flying* (ii, 942), *doing* (ii, 162), *pillar* (ii, 302), *iron* (ii, 878), *prison* (i, 71), *even* (i, 416), *reason* (i, 248), *fallen* (i, 92), *risen* (i, 211), *driven* (i, 223), as if they were monosyllabic. In ii, 623 *evil* appears once as a monosyllable and again as a dissyllable.

Crĕá | tĕd év'l, | fŏr é | vĭl ón | lў goód.

Spirit and *spirits* are often monosyllabic (i, 17, 139, 318), often dissyllabic (i, 101, 609; ii, 956); likewise *Heaven* (contrast i, 27 with i, 491).

If a word ending in a vowel is followed by a word beginning with a vowel, the first vowel is frequently obscured, though not necessarily quite suppressed, in pronunciation:

"Th' Ăó | niăn moúnt" (i, 15); "th' ĕthé | reăl ský" (i, 45); "Th' ĭnfér | năl Sér | pĕnt" (i, 34); "th' Ŏmníp |

ŏtént" (i, 49); "tŏ th' út | mŏst póle" (i, 74); "Hé ál | so *a*gaínst" (i, 470); "Tŏ sét | hĭmsélf | ĭn gló | r*y* *a*bóve | hĭs peérs" (i, 39); "ăn íg | nŏmín | *y* *a*nd sháme" (i, 115); "O'er mán | *y* *a* fró | zĕn, mán | *y* *a* fĭ' | rў Álp" (ii, 620); "Bĕ't só,| sĭnce hé" (i, 245); "T' ădóre" (i, 323); "Strănge hór | rŏr seíze | theĕ 'nd pángs | ŭnfélt | bĕfóre" (ii, 703).

This elision may take place if the first word ends in *w*:

Ănd sór | r*ow* *a*nd paín (i, 558);

or if the second word begins with *h* or *wh:*

T' hăve foúnd" (i, 524, 525); "Áll th' hóst | ŏf Heáv'n (ii, 759);

T' whŏm thús" (ii, 746); "T' whŏm Sá | tăn, túrn | ĭng (ii, 968).

In Milton's manuscripts and in the early printed editions these elisions and contractions are frequently indicated by the spelling: the first edition of *Paradise Lost* for example has *adventrous* (i, 13); *th'Ocean* (i, 202); *th'ethereal* (i, 45); *Heav'ns* (i, 9); *Ev'ning* (i, 289); *imbowr* (i, 304); *chos'n* (i, 318); *fall'n* (i, 330). Even the ordinary contractions of the preterite and preterite participle in *-ed* are indicated in the first edition: *flow'd* (i, 11); *unconsum'd* (i, 69); *ceas't* (i, 283); *walkt* (i, 295); *scatterd* (i, 304).

In nearly if not quite every case in which a line in *Paradise Lost* appears to contain one or more

feet of three syllables, the extra syllable may be disposed of by elision or contraction. Occasionally, however, a line will be found which has an extra syllable at the end:

Wĭll én | vў whóm | thĕ hígh | ĕst pláce | ĕxpós | ĕs ii, 27.

Ŏf Heáv'n | rĕceíved | ŭs fál | lĭng; ănd | thĕ thún | dĕr.—i, 174.

Ŏf sóv | răn páw'r, | wĭth áw | fŭl cér | ĕmó | nў.—i, 753.

In many cases an apparent extra syllable at the end may be slurred in pronunciation:[1]

Ănd óut | ŏf goód | still tŏ | find meáns | ŏf év'l.—i, 165.

Ŏr súb | stănce, hów | ĕndúed, | ănd whát | theĭr páw'r.—ii, 356.

Swármed ănd | wĕre straíght | ĕned; till, | thĕ síg | năl gív'n.—i, 776.

Ŏf réb | ĕl Án | gĕls, bý | whŏse aíd,| ăs pir'ng.—i,38.

Stréngth ún | dĭmín | ĭshed, ór | ĕtér | năl bé'ng.—i, 154.

Freé, ănd | tŏ nóne | ăccóunt | ăblé, | prĕférr'ng.—ii, 255.

[1] The contractions in the following examples do not represent Milton's spelling.

And possibly:

Ănd hígh | dĭsdaín | frŏm sénse | ŏf ín | jŭred mér't.—i, 98.

In general, Milton's verse should be read as naturally as possible, with the spoken rather than the written word in mind. The reader should endeavor to give each word its proper rhetorical accent, without distorting its pronunciation in order to make it conform to a theoretical metrical scheme. Rarely some such distortion may be necessary, but most of the elisions and contractions noted above are matters of ordinary poetical license or of everyday speech.

Milton gives vitality to his measure not only by variations in single feet, but by subtle modulations, brought about by a skillful adjustment of pauses, in the rhythm. Hardly any two successive verses will be found with exactly the same ebb and flow; indeed the sense is so frequently carried over from one line to the next, and yet again to a third or fourth, that the metrical unit is rather a verse-group than a single line or a couplet. Not infrequently the movement of the verse is made to illustrate the thought, as in the unwieldy line (i, 202) in which the Leviathan is described, or the famous passage (ii, 876-83) which tells of the opening of the gates of Hell. No English poet has ever shown more complete mastery over the medium he wrought in than Milton, and no poem in our language is better worth studying for its superb

orchestration than *Paradise Lost*. "Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him," says Charles Lamb. "But he brings his music, to which, who listens, had need bring docile thoughts, and purged ears."

THE VERSE[1]

The measure is English heroic verse, without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets,[2] carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have also, long since, our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rime so little is to

[1] This first appeared, together with the Arguments and the following note by the publisher, in the "fifth binding" (1668) of the first edition. (See Masson's *Life of Milton*, vi, 623):—

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader, there was no Argument at first intended to the book; but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I have procured it, and withal a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the poem rimes not.—*S. Simmons.*

[2] Dryden defended the use of rhyme in his *Essay of Dramatic Poetry* (1667 or 1668); he was at this time writing rhymed plays.

be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English,[1] of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of riming.

[1] It is true that *Paradise Lost* was the first significant poem of an epic character to be written in English blank verse, if we except Surrey's translation, published in 1557, of the second and fourth books of the *Æneid*.

PARADISE LOST

BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject: Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall—the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great Deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastens into the midst of things; presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell—described here, not in the Centre[1] (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos. Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion; calls up him who, next in order and dignity, lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise: their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech; comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven; but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

[1] THE CENTRE, *i. e.*, of the earth, where Hell was supposed to be situated. In l. 686 Milton means by *centre* the earth itself, the centre of the Ptolemaic Universe.

PARADISE LOST

BOOK I

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,

8.—See Exod., iii, 1, and Deut., iv, 37.

9.—"Rose in the beginning," not "taught in the beginning."

16.—See Introduction, p. 38.

Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the highth of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from Thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides.
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,

32.—*For;* because of. Keightly alters the punctuation so that *for* shall mean "except for."

40-1.—The Serpent trusted to prove a match for the Most High in case the latter should oppose his ambitious schemes. Macmillan interprets, "If he (Satan) opposed God."

With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set,
As far removed from God and light of Heaven

As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heaven called Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—
'If thou beest he—but Oh how fallen! how changed
From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright!—if he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin—into what pit thou seest
From what highth fallen: so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then who knew

74.—See Introduction, p. 46.

84-124.—Under the stress of his emotion, Satan here speaks disjointedly, without much regard to syntax; some of his verbs have no subjects, and some of his nouns no predicates.

The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost: the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace

109.—"And whatever else is unconquerable." Verity, following the early editions, sets a colon at the end of l. 108, and a note of interrogation at the end of l. 109, and interprets: "To retain one's hate, one's courage etc., is not that to be still unsubdued: in what else but this lies the test of being not overcome?" Masson suggests as other possible interpretations: "and what else is there that is not to be overcome?" or, "and what is there that else (*i. e.*, without the fore-mentioned qualities) is not to be overcome?" *Glory*, l. 110, means the glory of being invincibly courageous.

With suppliant knee, and deify his power
Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
Doubted his empire—that were low indeed;
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.'

So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:—

'O Prince! O Chief of many throned powers
That led the embattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate!
Too well I see and rue the dire event
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,

112-4.—"The power of him who, because of the terror inspired by this arm, so lately feared for his authority." Empire=*imperium.*

120.—*Successful hope;* hope of success.

As far as gods and Heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire;
Or do him mightier service, as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminished, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?'
Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend replied:—
'Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure—

141.—*Though all our glory extinct;* an imitation of the Latin ablative absolute. See Introduction, p. 59.

144-5.—*Of force . . . . . such force. Of force,* "of necessity," rather than "in respect to force"; *such force* has the ordinary meaning. This sort of play upon words is not uncommon with Milton. Cf. l. 642, and ii, 39-40.

154-5.—"Existence made eternal in order that we may suffer eternally."

To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which ofttimes may succeed so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heaven; the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge that from the precipice
Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbor there;
And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,

How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what resolution from despair.'
Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.
Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay,
Chained on the burning lake; nor ever thence
Had risen or heaved his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought

205.—Many stories of this sort are to be found in literature. See, for an example, *Sindbad the Sailor.*

Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn
On Man by him seduced; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.
  Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and, rolled
In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights—if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,
And such appeared in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuelled entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate,
Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
  'Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,'
Said then the lost Archangel, 'this the seat

That we must change for Heaven? this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least

248.—After *equalled,* supply "with us"; "from him who is in intelligence merely our equal, though our superior in physical strength."

254-5.—Cf. Shakspere's "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so" (*Hamlet,* II, ii, 255 ff.); "I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell" (*Midsummer-Night's Dream,* II, i, 243). These famous lines are paralleled by many passages in our own and other literatures.

257.—*All but less than;* nearly equal to. "The phrase is a combination of 'only less than,' and 'all but equal to'" (Beeching, quoted by Verity). Other editors take *all but less* in the sense of "except for the fact that I am less."

We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and co-partners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?'
So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub
Thus answered:—'Leader of those armies bright
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foiled,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers—heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal—they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed:
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious highth!'
He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference

259-60.—"The Almighty hath not built here a place of which he will envy us the possession."

Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear—to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand—
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called
His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arched embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases
And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrown,

304.—*Scattered sedge;* the Hebrew name for the Red Sea means Sea of Sedge.

305.—The rising and setting of Orion was thought to bring stormy weather.

Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded:—'Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the Flower of Heaven—once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spirits! Or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?
Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!'
They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch,
On duty sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they soon obeyed
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud

Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:
A multitude like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith, from every squadron and each band,
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great Commander; godlike shapes, and forms
Excelling human, princely Dignities,
And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in Heavenly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the Earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part

353-5.—The allusion is to the invasion of the Roman Empire by the Germanic and Slavic races. The Vandals conquered Carthage in the year 439 A. D.

Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of him that made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
The chief were those who, from the pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix
Their seats, long after, next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.

373.—Mediæval theologians sometimes identified the fallen angels with heathen, particularly classical deities.

387.—See Exod., xxv, 22.

388.—See Jer., vii, 30.

First Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard that passed through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshiped in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell.
Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroar to Nebo and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Elealè to the Asphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.

414.—See Numb., xxv, 1-9.
418.—See II Kings, xxiii.

With these came they who, from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth—those male,
These feminine. For Spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians called
Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate

In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark
Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel-edge,
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshipers:
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish; yet had his temple high
Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gained a king,
Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquished. After these appeared
A crew who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,

471.—See II Kings, v, 1-18 and xvi, 10-12.

With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
The infection, when their borrowed gold composed
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox—
Jehovah, who, in one night, when he passed
From Egypt marching, equalled with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself. To him no temple stood
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage; and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;

483-5.—See I Kings, xii, 19-20, 28-29; Exod., xxxii, 4, and xii, 35-36.

487-9.—See Exod., xii, 29.

The rest were long to tell, though far renowned
The Ionian gods—of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and Earth,
Their boasted parents;—Titan, Heaven's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reigned. These, first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest Heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost isles.
All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their Chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears:
Then straight commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard. That proud honor claimed
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,

Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colors waving; with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders—such as raised
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force with fixed thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old, with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief

Had to impose. He through the armed files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views—their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories; for never, since created man,
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes: though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond;
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore

573.—*Since created man;* see Introduction, p. 60.

582-7.—Milton mentions in this passage some familiar names in the French and Italian Mediæval romances which tell of the conflicts between the Christians and the Saracens. Aspramont was near Nice; Montalban, in Languedoc; Damasco is Damascus; Trebisond was in Cappadocia; Biserta is near Tunis, and the allusion is to the invasion of Spain by the Moors; Fontarabbia is in Spain, forty miles from the pass of Roncesvalles, where Charlemagne's twelve peers (but not Charlemagne himself) are said, in the *Song of Roland*, to have fallen in battle.

When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread commander. He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
Forever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt; yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered: as, when Heaven's fire

598-9.—Thomas Tomkyns, an official censor of the Press, at first took exception to these lines when Milton's manuscript was submitted to him.

Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way:—
'O myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty!—and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter. But what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to reascend,
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or dangers shunned
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed;
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.

Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war provoked. Our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heaven that he erelong
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the Sons of Heaven.
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption: thither or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts,
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired,
For who can think submission? War, then, war
Open or understood, must be resolved.'
He spake; and, to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.
There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign

That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,
A numerous brigad hastened: as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heaven, for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific. By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked the Centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art, are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they, with incessant toil

673-4.—All metals were believed in the Middle Ages to be generated from sulphur and mercury.

697.—*In an hour;* supply "is performed."

And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross.
A third as soon had formed within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook:
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet—
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately highth, and straight the doors,

703.—The second edition reads *found out* in place of *founded.*

723.—*Stood fixed her stately highth;* see Introduction, p. 60.

Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring entered, and the work some praise,
And some the architect. His hand was known
In Heaven by many a towered structure high,
Where sceptred Angels held their residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his Hierarchy, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægæan isle. Thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught availed him now
To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in Hell.
Meanwhile the winged haralds, by command

Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers. Their summons called
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended. All access was thronged, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a covered field, where champions bold
Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance)
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,
Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state-affairs. So thick the aery crowd
Swarmed and were straightened; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! they but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race

Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

PARADISE LOST

BOOK II

THE ARGUMENT

THE consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage; is honored and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.

BOOK II

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus displayed:—
'Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven!
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppressed and fallen,
I give not Heaven for lost: from this descent
Celestial Virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right, and the fixed laws of Heaven,
Did first create your leader, next, free choice,
With what besides, in counsel or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit, yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe, unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw

14.—*Give not . . . for*=do not regard as.

Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence, none whose portion is so small
Of present pain that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise may speak.'
He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.
His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,
He recked not, and these words thereafter spake:—
'My sentence is for open war. Of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those

47-9.—"Rather than be less, he ceased to care to exist. That care for existence once lost, he ceased to fear annihilation."

Contrive who need, or when they need; not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest—
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend—sit lingering here,
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather choose,
Armed with Hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
The event is feared: should we again provoke

Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction—if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroyed! What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us, without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,
We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential—happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being!—
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.'
He ended frowning, and his look denounced

100-1.—*At worst On this side nothing;* "as badly off as we can be without suffering annihilation." Some editors set off "at worst" between commas, and interpret: "To whatever extremities we may be reduced, we are bound, at any rate, to escape annihilation."

Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seemed
For dignity composed, and high exploit.
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful; yet he pleased the ear:
And with persuasive accent thus began:—
'I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are filled
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise

With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage;
And that must end us, that must be our cure—
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated Night,
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? "Wherefore cease we then?"
Say they who counsel war; "we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?" Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?

152.—*Let this be good;* granting this to be a good thing.

What when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled,
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or forever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end! This would be worse.
War therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades: for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's highth
All these our motions vain sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might

188.—Supply "avail" after *guile*.

Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expelled to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink, and fear
What yet they know must follow—to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror. This is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor, or, inured, not feel;
Or, changed at length, and to the place conformed
In temper and in nature, will receive

201-2.—"All of us who were wise made up our minds to this in the first place."

Familiar the fierce heat; and, void of pain,
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting,—since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.'
Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counselled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace; and after him thus Mammon spake:—
'Either to disenthrone the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost. Him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us
Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord Supreme
We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence, humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne

220.—*Light;* probably a noun, rather than an adjective.

224.—"From the point of view of happiness, but wretched; yet from the point of view of wretchedness, not the worst possible."

With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced Halleluiahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heaven, this our delight. How wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue—
By force impossible, by leave obtained
Unacceptable—though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soe'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labor and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne, from whence deep thunders roar,
Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell!
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil

Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.'
He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance,
Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace; for such another field
They dreaded worse than Hell; so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise,
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heaven.

282.—The second edition reads *were* for *where*.

Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake:—
'Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heaven,
Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines—here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless! while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heaven hath doomed
This place our dungeon—not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb, reserved

302.—*A pillar of state;* probably in the sense of the Ciceronian *columen reipublicæ* (*Sest. 8, 19*), and of the Shaksperean "pillars of the state" (II Hen. VI, I, i, 75), rather than of "stately pillar."

His captive multitude. For he, be sure,
In highth or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us, and foiled with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But, to our power, hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not), another World, the happy seat
Of some new race called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less

336.—*To our power;* to the best of our ability. Note the striking phraseology (What *peace* . . . But . . . *hostility* and *hate*), and compare ll. 678-9.

In power and excellence, but favored more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath
That shook Heaven's whole circumference, confirmed.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness: how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it; here, perhaps,
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset: either with Hell-fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we are driven,
The puny habitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss—

351-3.—Here as often, Milton applies to Scriptural matters the terminology of classical mythology. *Gods* must mean "angels." Cf. i, 116; i, 138; ii, 391. The allusion to the nod of Jove that shakes Olympus, is obvious. See *Iliad*, i, 528 ff.

Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires.' Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed; for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of Mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those Infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:—
'Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods! and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved; which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat—perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighboring arms
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find

Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art, can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies.'
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt; but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonished. None among the choice and prime
Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:—
'O Progeny of Heaven! Empyreal Thrones!
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light;

Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.
These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next,
Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sovranty, adorned
With splendor, armed with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honored sits? Go therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend at home,

438.—*Profound* is the noun; Cf. Lucretius, i, 1101, *inane profundum.* Cf. also l. 980; and l. 829, where *void* may be the adjective, and *immense* (Lat. *immensum*) the noun.

452.—*Refusing;* if I refuse.

While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion; intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
None shall partake with me.' Thus saying, rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refused) what erst they feared,
And, so refused, might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;
The rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.
Nor failed they to express how much they praised
That for the general safety he despised
His own; for neither do the Spirits damned

468-9.—"Lest others high in authority, encouraged by his resolution, might offer."

482-5.—"Not even devils are void of all good qualities, so no bad man need pride himself on any virtuous deed he may have performed from selfish motives."

Lose all their virtue,—lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on Earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief;
As when from the mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darkened landskip snow or shower;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! Devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace; and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait!
The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth
In order came the grand Infernal Peers;
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seemed
Alone the antagonist of Heaven, nor less
Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme,
And god-like imitated state; him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed

With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms,
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpet's regal sound the great result:
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
By harald's voice explained; the hollow Abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafening shout returned them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband; and, wandering, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplexed, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form:
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears

533.—Macmillan quotes Josephus, who says that when Jerusalem was about to be taken by Titus, "before sunset chariots were seen in the air, and troops of soldiers in their armour running about among the clouds and besieging cities." (*Jewish War*, Bk. VI, ch. V, Bohn ed., v, 106.) See also Shakspere's *Julius Caesar*, II, ii 19-23. In ll. 708-11, Milton alludes to the common belief in the portentous significance of comets.

Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds; before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of Heaven the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar:
As when Alcides, from Œchalia crowned
With conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Œta threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others, more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that Fate
Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high

557.—Milton here appears to ridicule the Schoolmen's endless discussions of the freedom of the human will, though elsewhere he treats the matter seriously. See, for example, Bk. iii, 96-128.

Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!—
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams:
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.

559-60.—Milton often heightens his effects by skillful repetition. Cf. ll. 599, 1021-2.

Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,
At certain revolutions all the damned
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infixed, and frozen round
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But Fate withstands, and, to oppose the attempt
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands,
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,

Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
They passed, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death—
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good;
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
Meanwhile the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,

623.—*Good;* serviceable.

636-43.—Satan is compared to a compact ("close sailing") fleet driven by the trade-winds ("equinoctial winds," "trading flood") through the Indian Ocean ("wide Ethiopian")—a fleet so far away that it appears to hang in the clouds.

Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seemed
Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable Shape.
The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
With mortal sting. About her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep
If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there still barked and howled
Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these
Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;
Nor uglier follow the night hag, when, called
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance

662-6.—It is not necessary to suppose that Milton had in mind any individual "night-hag," though it is possible that Hecate is meant. The partiality of witches for "infant blood" is well known. Lapland sorcerers were famous all over Europe. It was believed that eclipses could be caused by magic (cf. i, 785-6). Conversely, a time of eclipse was particularly favorable to sorcery.

With Lapland witches, while the laboring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other Shape—
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either—black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted Fiend what this might be admired—
Admired, not feared—God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he nor shunned—
And with disdainful look thus first began:—
'Whence and what art thou, execrable Shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee.
Retire; or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven.'
To whom the Goblin, full of wrath, replied:—

678-9.—*God and his son except,* is an imitation of the Latin ablative absolute. It will be noted that if Milton's language were taken literally, he would appear to include God and His Son among created things.

686.—*Thy folly;* the result of thy folly.

'Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou he
Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons,
Conjured against the Highest, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven,
Hell-doomed, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.'
So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown

692.—See Rev. xii, 4.

697.—*Hell-doomed,* hence not to be reckoned among the "Spirits of Heaven"; a retort to Satan's *Hell-born,* l. 687.

Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air:—
So frowned the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky Sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell-gate and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.
'O father, what intends thy hand,' she cried,
'Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom?
For him who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee ordained his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids—
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both!'
She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
Forbore: then these to her Satan returned:—
'So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange

721-2.—Cf. I Cor. xv, 25-26. Perhaps Milton has in mind the "harrowing of Hell," as described in the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus.

730.—*And know'st for whom,* is sometimes printed as an exclamation. The sense is about the same either way; she simply wishes to remind Death that he serves the Almighty.

Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends, till first I know of thee
What thing thou art, thus double-formed, and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son.
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.'
To whom thus the Portress of Hell-gate replied:—
'Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deemed so fair
In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combined
In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surprised thee; dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed,
Out of thy head I sprung. Amazement seized
All the host of Heaven: back they recoiled afraid
At first, and called me *Sin*, and for a sign
Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,
I pleased, and with attractive graces won
The most averse; thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamoured; and such joy thou took'st

758.—An obvious reminiscence of the classical account of the birth of Minerva.

With me in secret, that my womb conceived
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in Heaven; wherein remained
(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout
Through all the Empyrean. Down they fell,
Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this deep; and in the general fall
I also: at which time this powerful key
Into my hands was given, with charge to keep
These gates forever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transformed; but he, my inbred enemy,
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out *Death!*
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded *Death!*
I fled; but he pursued (though more, it seems,
Inflamed with lust than rage) and, swifter far,
Me overtook, his mother, all dismayed,
And, in embraces forcible and foul
Engendering with me, of that rape begot

These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceived
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me; for, when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then, bursting forth
Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me, his parent, would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved, and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be: so Fate pronounced.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though tempered heavenly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.'
She finished; and the subtle Fiend his lore
Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth:—
'Dear daughter—since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befallen us unforeseen, unthought of—know,

I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the Heavenly host
Of Spirits that, in our just pretences armed,
Fell with us from on high. From them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
The unfounded Deep, and through the void immense
To search with wandering quest a place foretold
Should be—and by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round—a place of bliss
In the purlieus of Heaven; and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,
Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
Than this more secret, now designed, I haste
To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, embalmed
With odors: there ye shall be fed and filled
Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey.'
He ceased; for both seemed highly pleased, and Death
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled, and blessed his maw
Destined to that good hour. No less rejoiced
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:—

'The key of this infernal pit, by due
And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatched by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above,
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confined,
Inhabitant of Heaven and Heavenly-born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compassed round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee? whom follow? Thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.'
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,
Which but herself not all the Stygian Powers
Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns

855.—*Might*; the third edition reads *wight*.

The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She opened; but to shut
Excelled her power: the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a bannered host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
With horse and chariots ranked in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary Deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and highth,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.

879-83.—Contrast the description of the opening of the gates of Heaven, Bk. vii, 205 ff:

Heaven opened wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving.

For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns; next him, high arbiter,
Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyss,
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mixed
Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds—
Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and looked awhile,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less pealed

898.—These are the four properties which were the basis of the four "elements"; Air, Earth, Water and Fire. These qualities were also supposed to enter, combined in pairs, into the four "humors" of the human body: the Blood was hot and moist; the Bile, hot and dry; the Phlegm, cold and moist; and the Black Bile, cold and dry. On the proper balance of these humors depended the health of the body.

With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms
With all her battering engines, bent to rase
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of Heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity; all unawares,
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb-down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stayed—
Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land—nigh foundered, on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold: so eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,

And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence. Thither he plies
Undaunted, to meet there whatever Power
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful Deep! With him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumor next, and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroiled,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus:—'Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heaven; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, the Ethereal King

Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound. Direct my course:
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expelled, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway
(Which is my present journey), and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night.
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge!'
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
Answered:—'I know thee, stranger, who thou art:
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown.
I saw and heard; for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-gates
Poured out by millions her victorious bands,
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroached on still through our intestine broils
Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first Hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;

1001.—*Our*; some editors read *your*, but Masson explains that the Anarch here used "a form of speech which implicated all existing beings, and none particularly."

Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world
Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain
To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell.
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger. Go, and speed!
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain.'
He ceased; and Satan stayed not to reply,
But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renewed
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environed, wins his way; harder beset
And more endangered, than when Argo passed
Through Bosporus betwixt the justling rocks;
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steered:
So he with difficulty and labor hard
Moved on: with difficulty and labor he;
But, he once passed, soon after, when Man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain,
Following his track (such was the will of Heaven)
Paved after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,

1004.—*Heaven;* not the Empyrean, as in l. 1006, but the Ptolemaic spheres.

1020.—*The other whirlpool* is Scylla. Cf. l. 660.

1028.—The building of this bridge is described in Bk. x, ll. 282-323.

From Hell continued, reaching the utmost orb
Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
With tumult less and with less hostile din;
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With opal towers, and battlements adorned
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent World, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

1030.—*World;* not the earth, but the Ptolemaic Universe. So in l. 1052.

GLOSSARY

NOTE.—Some of Milton's allusions to Greek and Roman mythology, which should be familiar, are not entered here: others are explained very briefly. It is assumed that the student has access to a classical, as well as to an ordinary English dictionary.

Abhorred, abhorrent; ii, 659.

Abject, prostrate (Lat. *abjectus*); i, 312, 322.

Abortive gulf, chaos—"abortive," because Nature there "breeds, Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things" (ii, 624-5); ii, 441.

Abrupt; used as a noun; ii, 409.

Abused, deceived; i, 479.

Acheron, ii, 578. See STYX.

Act, bearing, behavior; ii, 109.

Adamantine; adamant is an imaginary metal, excessively hard and tough, employed symbolically in poetry (Gr. ἀδάμας, "the unconquerable"); i, 48. Cf. ii, 436, 646, 853.

Admire, wonder (Lat. *admirari*); i, 690. Cf. ii, 677-8.

Adria, the Adriatic; i, 520. It will be noted that the gods flee westward.

Advanced, upraised; i, 536. Cf. ii, 682.

Adverse, unnatural; ii, 77.

Advise, consider; ii, 376.

Afflicted powers, our forces struck down (Lat. *afflictus*); i, 186. Cf. "Heaven's afflicting thunder," ii, 166.

Affront, insult, though the meaning "confront" is possible; i, 391.

Alcairo, Cairo, though Milton doubtless had in mind ancient Memphis, the site of which is not far from Cairo; i, 718.

Alchymy, trumpets made of alchymy, or alchemy, an alloy containing brass; ii, 517.

Alcides, Hercules. The allusion is to his death as related by Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, ix; ii, 542.

Alp; ii, 620. Used in the general sense of "high mountain."

Amazement of, utter bewilderment arising from; i, 313. Cf. l. 281.

Amerced of, deprived of (by way of penalty); i, 609-10.

Ammiral, admiral, or chief ship (It. *ammiraglia*); i, 294.

Amram's son, Moses; i, 339. For the allusion, see Exod. x, 12-15.

Aonian Mount, Helicon—in the usual figurative sense; i, 15. The Heavenly, or sacred Muse, inspires to loftier flights than the profane Muse of classical literature.

Arbitress, witness (as in Horace, *Epodes*, v, 50); i, 785.

Argo, the vessel in which Jason's expedition sailed on their quest for the golden fleece; ii, 1017.

Argues, proves (Lat. *arguere*); ii, 234.

Argument, subject (Lat. *argumentum*); i, 24.

Arimaspian; the Arimaspians are described by Herodotus (iii, 116) as a one-eyed race who steal gold from the gryphons, or griffins; ii, 945. See GRYPHON.

Armoric, of Armorica, or Brittany, a country associated with the Arthurian romances; i, 581.

Ashtaroth; plural of As(h)toreth, *q. v.*; i, 422.

Assert, vindicate (Lat. *asserere*); i, 25.

Astonished, stunned; i, 266; ii, 423. Cf. "astounded", i, 281; "astonishment", i, 317. See the *New English Dictionary*, s. v. *astone*.

Astoreth, "whom the Phœnicians called Astarte"; a moon-goddess, the chief female deity of the Phœnicians and Canaanites; i, 438. Cf. *Nativity Ode*, 200.

Attempted, assailed (Lat. *attemptare*); ii, 357. So, perhaps, in i, 44.

Ausonian land, Italy; i, 739.

Awful, full of awe, not, "inspiring awe"; ii, 478.

Azazel; Milton may have taken this name from the marginal reading of Lev. xvi, 8—Authorized Version; i, 534.

Baalim; a plural form, used collectively of the various manifestations of Baal, the chief male deity of the Phœnicians and Canaanites; i, 422.

Barca...Cyrene, cities in northern Africa; ii, 904.

Beelzebub, or Baal-zebub, "Lord of Flies", Satan's lieutenant (cf. i, 238); i, 81, 271; ii, 299, 378. In II Kings i, 2, 3 this god is said to have been worshiped at Ekron, a city of the Philistines, in Palestine. Cf. Matt. xii, 24.

Belial; strictly speaking not a proper noun, but a word meaning "lawlessness". Milton makes Belial a god typifying sensuality; i, 490, 502; ii, 109, 226.

Bellona, Goddess of War; ii, 922.

Belus, or Bel, an Assyrian god identified with the Phœnician Baal; i, 720.

Bengala, Bengal; ii, 638.

Bestial gods, deities in the form of beasts, like the Egyptian gods mentioned in ll. 478-482; i, 435.

Books of Life, "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works" (Rev. xx, 12); i, 363.

Bossy, carved in relief; i, 716.

Briareos. See *Æneid* x, 565-568, where the hundred-handed Ægæon = Briareos; i, 199.

Brigad; Milton's spelling of "brigade" in the general sense of a large body of troops; i, 675. Cf. ii, 532. Note that the accent falls on the first syllable.

Brooding; the Hebrew word rendered in the Author. Vers. of Gen. i, 2 "moved", means properly either "hovered," or "hatched"; i, 21.

Bullion dross, scum arising from the bullion, or crude ore; i, 704.

Busiris, an apocryphal Egyptian king identified by Milton, for some unknown reason, with the Pharaoh who perished in the Red Sea (Exod. xiv); i, 307.

Buxom, yielding; ii, 842.

Celtic [fields], France; i, 521.

Centre, probably the earth itself, conceived as the centre of the universe; i, 686.

Cerberean; the allusion is to Cerberus, the three-headed watch-dog of Hades; ii, 655.

Chaos, the "vast Abyss" (i, 21), or "hoary Deep" (ii, 891) separating the Empyrean and Hell; the raw material out of which Hell and our Universe are constructed; i, 10 and *passim*. See Introduction; also the "Anarch old" (ii, 988) who rules over this region; ii, 233 and *passim*.

Charybdis, a monster dwelling on the rocky rim of a whirlpool in the Straits of Messina; ii, 1020. See SCYLLA. For the allusion to Ulysses, see *Odyssey*, xii.

Chemos, "the abomination of Moab" (I Kings xi, 7), really identical with Moloch, *q. v.*; i, 406. "Peor his other name, when he enticed Israel in Sittim" (i, 412-3); see Numb. xxv, 1-3. The places where he is represented in ll. 407-411 as being worshiped, are in the district occupied by the tribe of Reuben, east of the Dead Sea ("the Asphaltic Pool", l. 411).

Cherub, i. 157, 324, 534. **Cherubim** (pl. of Cherub), i, 387, 665, 794; ii, 516. See SERAPH.

Chivalry; the same word etymologically as "cavalry". Probably here used loosely for "troops"; i, 307, 765.

Clime, climate; i, 242, 297; region; ii, 572.

Close, secret; i, 646, 795; ii, 485.

Cocytus, ii, 579. See STYX.

Combustion; probably here used literally, not, as some editors say, figuratively for "destruction"; i. 46.

Compose, adjust advantageously; ii, 281.

Confer, discuss (used transitively—Lat. *conferre*); i, 774.

Confine with, border on; ii, 977.

Confounded, put to utter confusion; i, 53. Cf. ii, 996.

Conjured, sworn together (Lat. *conjurare*); ii, 693.

Considerate, considering; i, 603.

Consult, secret meeting; i, 798.

Converse, associate (Lat. *conversari*); ii, 184.

Convex, convexity; ii, 434. Satan takes the point of view of one looking down on Hell from the outside.

Cope, cover, roof; i, 345.

Couch; ii. 536. To "couch" a spear was to fix the butt in the "rest"—a projection on the right side of the breast-plate—ready for the charge.

Counsels different, internal dissensions; i, 636.

Cressets, lamps in which solid substances (in this case "asphaltus") were burned; i, 728.

Cry, pack; ii, 654.

Dagon, the fish-god of the Philistines; i, 462. See I Sam. v, 1-4. In ll. 464-6 he is represented as being worshiped in the five chief cities of the Philistines mentioned in I Sam. vi, 17. Azotus = the Biblical Ashdod; Ascalon = Askelon; Accaron = Ekron.

Damp, depressed; i, 523.

Danaw, the Danube (Germ. *Donau*); i, 353.

Deceive, beguile, as in "to beguile the time"; ii, 461.

Deform, shapeless (Lat. *deformis*); ii, 706.

Delphian cliff, Parnassus; i, 517.

Demogorgon, one of the deities of Hell mentioned by late Latin and

Italian writers. Spenser (*Faerie Queen* IV, ii, 47, 6-9) makes him warden of Chaos; ii, 365. The phrase "Dreaded name of Demogorgon" (*i. e.* D. himself) has its analogy in the Scriptures and in the classics. Here the phrase heightens the general sense of awe and mystery.

Denounced, threatened (Lat. *denuntiare*); ii, 106.

Determined, settled; ii, 330.

Discover, reveal; i, 64, 724.

Dodona, in Epirus—the seat of an oracle of Zeus; i, 518.

Dorian mood, a grave and strenuous style of Greek music; i, 550.

Drench, soaking—not "draught"; ii. 73

Earth-born, probably the Giants, who, like the Titans, had Ge (Earth) for a mother; i, 198.

Element, sky; ii, 490. **Elements,** appropriate surroundings; ii, 275. There is a suggestion here, perhaps, of the mediæval theory that each of the four "elements"—air, earth, fire, and water—is controlled by some particular demon. Verity (in his Appendix C) points out that Hooker identified these elemental demons with the fallen angels.

Elevate, elevated; ii, 558.

Eli's sons; i, 495. The allusion is to I Sam. ii, 12-17.

Emblazed, emblazoned, decorated with heraldic designs ("Seraphic arms"); i, 538. Cf. "emblazonry," ii. 513.

Empyreal, fiery; i, 117; ii, 430, 1047.

Empyrean, Heaven (Gr. ἔμπυρος, "burning"); ii, 771.

Engines, contrivances; i, 750. The "almighty engine" mentioned in ii, 65 is the war chariot of God, described in Bk. vi, 749 ff. 827 ff.

Erected, erect, with a suggestion of "upright" in the moral sense; i, 679.

Erst, formerly; i, 360; ii, 470.

Essence, substance; i, 425; ii, 215. **Essences,** i, 138.

Essential, substance; ii, 97. See ESSENCE.

Ethereal sky, the Empyrean; i. 45.

Ethiopian; "the wide Ethiopian," the Indian Ocean; ii, 641. "The Cape" is the Cape of Good Hope.

Event, result; i, 624; ii, 82.

Exercise, torment (Lat. *exercere*); ii, 89.

Expatiate, walk about (Lat. *spatiari*); i, 774.

Fact, feat (Lat. *factum*); ii, 124. Cf. ii, 537, and the French *fait d'armes.*

Fail; "If I fail not," if I mistake not (Lat. *ni fallor*); i, 167.

Fall, befall; ii, 203.

Fame, report; i, 651; ii, 346.

Fast by, close by; i, 12.

Fatal, securely established (by fate); ii, 104.

Field, battle; i, 105; ii, 292. **Fields,** ii, 768.

Flown, flushed; i, 502.

Forgetful lake, the lake which makes one forget; ii, 74. Cf. "oblivious pool," i, 266.

Founded, melted (Lat. *fundere*); i, 703.

Frequent, crowded (Lat. *frequens*); i, 797.

Front, brow (Lat. *frons*); ii, 302.

Fronted, confronting; ii, 532.

Frore, frosty (Anglo-Saxon *froren,* frozen); ii, 595.

Gibeah; i, 504. See Judges xix.

Globe, a compact, ring-like mass (Lat. *globus*); ii, 512.

Gorgons...Hydras...Chimæras, are mentioned in *Æneid*, vi, 287-9 as beasts of Hell. The Gorgons were snaky-haired monsters with wings and brazen claws; Hydras were many-headed water-dragons; Chimæras had the heads of lions, the bodies of goats, and the tails of serpents; ii, 628.

Goshen, the district in Egypt temporarily occupied by the Israelites (Gen. xlvii, 27); i, 309.

Grand; "our grand parents", our original progenitors; i, 29. Cf. Lat. *grandis*, aged.

Gross, large; ii, 570.

Grunsel, ground-sill, threshold; i, 460.

Gryphon, or Griffin; a monster, part eagle and part lion, whose business it was to guard treasure; ii, 943. See ARIMASPIAN.

Happy isle, the Ptolemaic Universe, suspended in Chaos by a golden chain; ii, 410. Cf. ii, 1051-2.

Haralds, heralds (It. *araldi*); i, 752.

Harald's; ii, 518.

Hard by, close by; i, 417.

Harpy-footed; ii, 596. The Harpies (fabulous loathsome birds) are described in *Æneid*, iii, 211-18.

Hesperian fields, Italy; i, 520.

Highth, Milton's spelling of "height"; i, 24 and *passim*.

Hill of scandal; i, 416. See OPPROBRIOUS HILL.

Hinnom, "Tophet thence And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell"; i, 404. See Jer. vii, 31, 32. Because of its association with the worship of Moloch, Josiah made Hinnom a depository for the waste and filth of Jerusalem. *Gehenna*, Greek for *Ge Hinnom*, Valley of Hinnom, is several times translated *Hell* in the New Testament.

Holds, makes for; ii, 1043.

Horrent, bristling; ii, 513.

Horrid; used sometimes with a suggestion of the Lat. *horridus*, bristling; i, 563; ii, 63, 710. Cf. "horrent," ii, 513.

Humane, polite (Lat. *humanus*); ii, 109.

Impaled, fenced in; ii, 647.

Impious, unfilial (Lat. *impius*); i, 686.

Incense, kindle (Lat. *incendere*); ii, 94.

Incomposed, discomposed (Lat. *incompositus*); ii, 989.

Ind, India; ii, 2.

Indian mount, perhaps Imaus (cf. Bk. iii, 431), an ancient name for a part of the Himalayas; i, 781. See INFANTRY.

Infantry; "that small infantry Warred on by cranes," the Pygmies—see *Iliad*, iii, 6. They were supposed by Pliny (*Natural History* vii, 2) and others to dwell in India (cf. i, 780-1); i, 575.

Influence, inflowing; ii, 1034. In astrology the word was applied in a technical sense, here suggested, to the direct control over human destiny attributed to the stars. "Sacred" is explained by Bk. iii, 1-6.

Instinct, inflamed; ii, 937.

Intend, consider (cf. Lat. *intendere animum*); ii, 457.

Intrenched, furrowed; i, 601.

Invests, clothes (Lat. *investire*); i, 208.

Javan, grandson of Noah (Gen. x, 2), said to have been the progenitor of the Greek ("Ionian") race; i, 508.

Ken; "as far as Angels ken," as far as Angels see. It may be, however, that we should read with

Masson and others, "as far as Angel's ken," *i.e.* as far as an angel's vision reaches. The first edition reads "as far as Angels kenn"; but since the apostrophe is not printed with the possessive in this edition, it is doubtful whether *ken* is a verb or a noun; i, 59.

Laboring, suffering eclipse (Lat. *laborare*, cf. Juvenal, vi, 442; Virg. *Georgics*, ii, 478); ii, 665.

Laid, quieted; i, 172.

Landskip, landscape; ii, 491.

Lethe, ii, 583. **Lethean sound,** ii, 604. See STYX.

Leviathan; a Hebrew term for a vaguely conceived sea monster; i, 201. See Ps. civ, 26; Job xli.

Libyan, African; i, 355.

Lore, lesson; ii, 815.

Luxurious, probably "lustful," as in Shakspere; i, 498.

Mammon; not strictly a proper noun; Milton makes him the personification of wealth; i, 678; ii, 228, 291.

Mansion, abiding place (Lat. *manere*); i, 268; ii, 462.

Marle; used loosely for "soil;" i, 296.

Medusa, one of the three Gorgons, *q.v.*; ii, 611.

Memphian, Egyptian, from Memphis; i, 307. "The works of Memphian kings," the pyramids; i, 694.

Michael, one of the archangels who warred against Satan; ii, 294. The havoc wrought by his sword is described in Bk. vi, 250 ff., 320 ff.

Middle, middling; or perhaps Milton is thinking of the "middle air," or the region of cloud which the Olympian deities looked upon as the "highest Heaven" (i, 517), not being aware of the region of pure ether lying above it. Besides these, mediæval authorities recognized a third division of the Heavens—a substratum of hot, moist air close to the earth; i, 14.

Mixed with; ii, 69. Probably "thrown into confusion by", a meaning derived from the Lat. *miscere*.

Moloch, written *Molech* in the Scriptures, "the abomination of the children of Ammon" (I Kings xi, 7); i, 392, 417; ii, 43. Sandys, *Relation of a Journey Begun A.D.1610*, Lond., 1615, p. 186, describes Moloch as a hollow brass idol filled with fire. Children were laid as sacrificial offerings in the extended arms of the image and "seared to death with his burning embracements." Cf. II Kings xxiii, 10. Of the places associated (i, 397-9) with his worship, Rabba was the capital of the Ammonites; "watery plain" is explained by II Sam. xii, 27; Argob was a district of Basan or Bashan, really outside the territory of the Ammonites; the river Arnon separated Moab from the territory of the Amorites.

Mortal, producing death; i, 2, 766; ii, 729.

Motion, method of moving, ii, 75; power to act, ii, 151. **Motions,** proposals; ii, 191.

Mould, substance; ii, 139, 355.

Mulciber, Hephæstus; i, 740. His fall is described in *Iliad*, i, 591 ff.

Nathless, nevertheless (Anglo-Saxon *nā thȳ lǣs*); i, 299.

Night-foundered, overtaken by the night and hidden from view, as if sunk in darkness; i, 204.

Nightly, by night; i, 440; ii, 642.

Obdured, hardened; ii, 568.

Oblivious, causing to forget (Lat.

obliviosus); I, 266. Cf. "forgetful lake," ii, 74.

Obscure, obscurity, darkness; ii, 406. Cf. Exod. x, 21.

Observed, heeded (Lat. *observare*); i, 588.

O'erwatched, worn out with watching; ii, 288.

Offend, do violence to (Lat. *offendere*), not merely "displease"; I, 187.

Offensive mountain, I, 443. See OPPROBRIOUS HILL.

Ophiuchus, "the serpent-holder," a northern constellation; ii, 709.

Opinion, public opinion, reputation; ii, 471.

Opposition; two heavenly bodies are said to be in opposition when their longitudes differ by 180°. Milton means that Death was sitting opposite Sin, on the other side of the gate; ii, 803.

Opprobrious hill, the Mount of Olives, called the "Mount of Corruption" and "Mount of Offense," because Solomon worshiped idols there (I Kings xi, 7; II Kings xxiii, 13); i, 403. Cf. "hill of scandal," l. 416, and "offensive mountain," l. 443.

Optic glass, telescope; i, 288.

Oracle of God, the temple on Mount Moriah (I Kings vi, 16; viii, 6); i, 12.

Orb, orbit; ii, 1029.

Orcus ..Ades, names for Pluto, God of Hell; ii, 964.

Ordered, a military word used as in the modern command "order arms"; i, 565.

Oreb, or...Sinai, i, 7; "Milton, contrasting Exod. xix, 20, with Deut. iv, 10, does not decide whether the mountain where Moses received the Law should be called 'Oreb or Sinai.' The accounts can be harmonized easily: Horeb was the whole range, Sinai its lower part." —Verity.

Orient, brilliant; i, 546. The adjective was first applied in this sense to oriental pearls, which were surpassingly lustrous. In ii, 399, the more familiar meaning is also suggested.

Original, parent (Adam); ii, 375.

Ormus, an island in the Persian Gulf, called by Howell (*Familiar Letters*, Jacobs's ed., p. 157) "the greatest Mart in all the Orient for all sorts of Jewels;" ii, 2.

Osiris, Isis, Orus, Egyptian deities; i, 478.

Pandemonium, Hall of all the Demons (Gr. πᾶν + δαίμων); i, 756.

Paramount, chief; ii, 508.

Partial, *i.e.*, to themselves; they smoothed over their own guilt; ii, 552.

Passion, strong emotion, not anger; i, 605; ii, 564.

Paynim, Pagan; i, 765.

Pealed, dinned; ii, 920.

Pelorus, the ancient name for Cape Faro, the northeast promontory of Sicily; i, 232.

Pennons, pinions (Lat. *pennæ*); ii, 933.

Peor, i, 412. See CHEMOS.

Pernicious, destructive; i, 282.

Phlegethon, ii, 580. See STYX.

Phlegra; "the giant brood Of Phlegra", the Giants, who, according to Pindar (*First Nemean Ode*, 67), "warred on Jove" (l. 198) in the plain of Phlegra, supposed to have been situated in Campania; i, 577.

Pitch, height; ii, 772.

Poise, give weight to; ii, 905.

Power, a military force; i, 103. Cf. l. 186.

Prevented, forestalled (Lat. *præ-*

venire); ii, 467; with a suggestion of the modern meaning "checked" which appears in ii, 739.

Prick, spur—often used of riding in general; ii, 536.

Prime, foremost; i, 506; ii, 423.

Proffer, volunteer; ii, 425.

Proper, natural (Lat. *proprius*); ii, 75.

Pygmean race; i, 780. See INFANTRY.

Pythian fields; the allusion is to the games near Delphi in honor of Pythian Apollo; ii, 530.

Recess, retirement; i, 795.

Recked, cared; ii, 50.

Recorders, musical instruments similar to the flageolet; i, 551.

Redounding, abundant (Lat. *redundare*); ii, 889.

Reign, realm (Lat. *regnum*); i, 543.

Religions, religious ceremonials; i, 372.

Reluctance; "untamed reluctance", untamable or unconquerable resistance; ii, 337.

Remorse, pity, as often in Shakspere; i, 605.

Rhene, the Rhine (Lat. *Rhenus*); i, 353.

Rimmon, a Syrian god worshiped at Damascus; i, 467.

Rout, rabble; i, 747; overthrow; ii, 770, 995.

Royalties, royal honors; ii, 451.

Ruin, heavy fall (Lat. *ruina*); i, 46; ii, 995.

Satan, in Hebrew, "adversary" or "enemy"; i, 82 and *passim*. Cf. ii, 629.

Scope, mark; ii, 127.

Scylla, described in *Æneid*, iii, 424 ff. as a monster living in a whirlpool on the Italian ("Calabrian") side of the Straits of Messina. On the opposite Sicilian ("Trinacrian") shore, dwelt Charybdis (ii, 1020); ii, 660.

Seat, abode (Lat. *sedes*); i, 5 and *passim*.

Secret, retired, secluded (Lat. *secretus*), with perhaps a suggestion of the mysteries associated with the burning bush (Exod. iii) and the giving of the Law (Exod. xix ff.); i, 6.

Sensible, sense; ii, 278. Cf. "this essential", i. 97.

Sentence, opinion (Lat. *sententia*); ii, 51, 291.

Senteries, sentries; ii, 412.

Seon, i, 409, same as Sihon: "For Heshbon was the city of Sihon the king of the Amorites" (Numb. xxi, 26).

Seraph; i, 324. **Seraphic;** i, 539, 794. **Seraphim;** i, 129; ii, 512, 750. According to the treatise on the celestial hierarchies formerly ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite, the nine angelic orders were as follows, beginning with the highest in rank: Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominions, Virtues, Powers, Principalities, Archangels, Angels. Milton employs these terms, but not consistently.

Serapis, an Assyrian god identified with the Greek Hades; i, 720.

Serbonian bog, the treacherous Lake Serbonis, in Lower Egypt, described by Herodotus, iii, 5. Damiata is a city near the mouth of the Nile; ii, 592.

Severing, separating; i, 704.

Sidonian; Sidon was a city of the Phœnicians; i, 441.

Siloa's brook, the pool (Siloam) with its outlet, lying in the valley between Zion and Mount Moriah, the hill on which stood the temple ("oracle of God"); i, 11.

Sion hill, better known as Zion, one of the hills of Jerusalem; i.

10. Here was the residence of David the Psalmist—hence the allusion.

Slip, let slip; i, 178.

Sluiced, conducted in sluices; i, 702.

Sodom, see Gen. xix; i, 503.

Soldan, Sultan (It. *soldano*); i, 764. The allusion is to the duels described in the romances of chivalry as fought between the Christians and the Saracens in Palestine, either to the death ("mortal combat") or for purposes of exhibition ("career with lance"), the Sultan acting as umpire. This is another instance of Milton's interest in mediæval romance. Cf. ii. 582 ff.

Sovran, Milton's spelling of sovereign (It. *sovrano*); i, 246, 753; ii, 244. Cf. **Sovranty**, ii, 446.

Starve, cause to perish (Anglo-Saxon *steorfan*, to die); ii, 600. Formerly the word was not restricted, in its application, to death from lack of food.

States, parliamentary representatives; ii, 387.

Stations, guards (Lat. *stationes*); ii, 412.

Still, always; i, 68 and *passim*.

Study, zealous pursuit (Lat. *studium*); i, 107.

Style, title; ii, 312.

Styx (Gr. στυγεῖν, to hate), **Acheron** (ἄχος, pain), **Cocytus** (κωκυτός, wailing), **Phlegethon** (φλεγέθων, flaming), **Lethe** (λήθη, forgetfulness), the five rivers of Hell; ii, 577-83.

Sublime, aloft (Lat. *sublimis*); ii, 528.

Sublimed; sublimation is the process of vaporizing a solid by the action of heat. We are to suppose that the hot subterranean wind which tears open Pelorus or Ætna, is aided in its work of destruction by the explosive mineral vapors engendered by its contact with the combustible contents of the mountain; i, 235.

Success, used by Milton, as by Shakspere, for "outcome," good or bad; ii, 9, 123.

Suffice, satisfy (Lat. *sufficere*); i, 148.

Suspended, held in suspense, held spellbound; ii, 554.

Suspense, in suspense (Lat. *suspensus*); ii, 418.

Swage, assuage (Lat. *suavis*); i, 556.

Syrtis, quicksand; from the two gulfs anciently so called, on the northern coast of Africa; ii, 939.

Tantalus; punished in Hell, according to classical mythology, by continual thirst. He was placed in the midst of a lake, the water of which receded whenever he tried to reach it; ii, 614.

Temper; used concretely for the thing tempered. "Ethereal" here means, as usual, heavenly; i, 285. Cf. ii, 812-3.

Tempt, try; ii, 404.

Ternate and Tidore, two of the Spice Islands in the Malay Archipelago; ii, 639.

Thammuz, a Phœnician god, said to have been slain by a boar in Lebanon, and identified with the Greek Adonis. The fact that in the late spring the river Adonis runs red with the soil washed down from Lebanon, gave rise to the belief that Thammuz came to life and died again once a year, his blood staining the river. Annual religious festivals were established in commemoration of this event: i, 446. For Ezekiel's vision, l. 455, see Ezek. viii, 14.

Thereafter, in conformity—consistently with these sentiments; ii, 50.

Titanian; the Titans were the rebellious offspring of Uranus and Ge, conquered by Zeus; i, 198. Cf. i, 510-14.

Took, charmed, as often in Shakspere; ii, 554.

Torments, ii, 274; see TORTURES.

Tortures, used of the torturing "Hell-flames and fury"; ii, 63. Cf. "torments," ii, 274, for "that which torments."

Tuscan artist, generally understood to refer to Galileo; i, 288. Fesole is a hill near Florence. Valdarno is the valley of the river Arno in which Florence lies.

Typhœan, ii, 539; see TYPHON.

Typhon, or **Typhœus**, a hundred-headed monster described by Pindar, *Pyth.* i, 16-17, and Æschylus, *P. V.* 359, as living in a den of Cilicia, the capital of which was Tarsus; i, 199.

Tyranny, i, 124; used probably with all its present evil suggestion, rather than in the earlier sense of "monarchy." Cf. l. 42, where Milton is speaking in his own person.

Uncouth, unknown, unfamiliar (Anglo-Saxon *uncūth*); ii, 407, 827.

Understood, secret, that is, understood only among the devils; i, 662. Cf. ii, 187.

Unenvied, unenviable; ii, 23.

Unessential, without substance; ii, 439. Cf. ESSENCE.

Unfounded, bottomless; ii, 829.

Unmoved, collected; or perhaps "of his own accord"; ii, 429.

Unnumbered, innumerable; ii, 903.

Urges, afflicts (Lat. *urgere*); i, 68.

Uther's son, Arthur, son of Uther Pendragon; i, 580. For Milton's early interest in this British hero, see Introd., p. 26.

Utmost isles, the farthest isles, *i.e.*, Britain; i, 521.

Utter, outer; i, 72.

Vallombrosa, a wooded valley near Florence; i, 303.

Van, vanguard (Fr. *avant-garde*); ii, 535.

Vans, wings (It. *vanni*); ii, 927.

Virtue, valor (Lat. *virtus*); i, 320.

Vision beatific, *visio beatifica*, the sight of God; in Milton's lines *On Time* he translates the phrase into "happy making sight"; i, 684.

Voluminous, coiling (Lat. *volumen*); ii, 652.

Wafts, floats; ii, 1042.

Want, be wanting; ii, 341.

Warping, flying with an undulating motion; i, 341.

Weighs, balances; ii, 1046.

What doubt we, Why do we hesitate? (Lat. *Quid dubitamus?*); ii, 94. Cf. ii, 329.

What time, at the time when; i, 36.

Witnessed, bore witness to, not "observed"; i, 57.

Wont, were wont to; i, 764.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, tho' my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker and present
My true account, lest he returning chide:
"Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But patience to prevent
That murmur soon replies: God doth not need
Either man's works or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
They also serve who only stand and wait.

Jeffrey Monmouth
Cantori
Sir Thomas Penbury

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